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# THE DUKE, AND THE SETTLEMENT OF EUROPE.

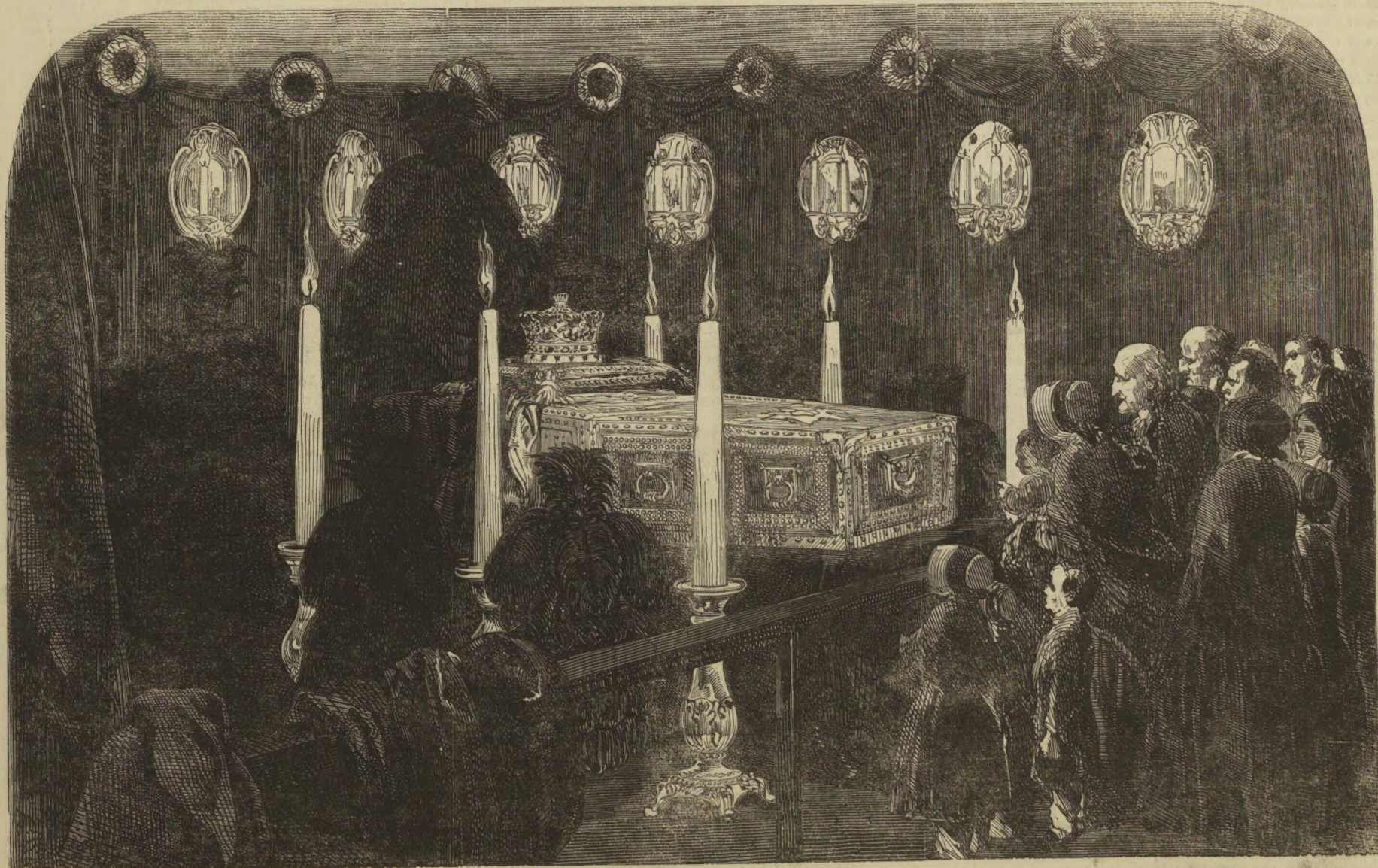
By those who read the history of Europe for the last forty years, only to draw the conclusion from it—when they compare it with, and judge it by, the light of the events now happening, or about to happen, in France—that Waterloo was fought in vain, it is alleged, with considerable force of argument, that the Treaty of Vienna was personal as well as territorial; that its purpose was not only to abrogate Napoleonism as a system, but also Napoleonism as a dynasty; that it expressly stipulated that no member of the family of Napoleon should ever occupy the throne of France. They add that we now have, or in a few days will have, an Emperor Napoleon on that throne, who claims, as part of his title, collateral

descent and heirship, as well as the designated choice of the founder of the dynasty. Was it not, they say, Wellington's great work to destroy Napoleonism? and can Napoleonism be said to be destroyed when its living representative reigns supreme in France, alike on his Imperial claims and by the vote of the people?

This line of argument has been skilfully used by alarmists, here and elsewhere, to arouse against the French people and their ruler the old spirit of the days of the coalitions. Yet should we always be wary, especially in politics, that we do not let escape the substance in our tenacity of the form. Time dwarfs all things and all reputations, even a Napoleon and the terrors of his name. When the settlement of 1815 was made, the dreaded name of Napoleon yet cast a shadow on the hopes of men. Europe could scarcely believe in her freedom, so suddenly and so recently acquired; and France

had but just shown a sense that she had exchanged a "glorious" slavery for an ignoble servitude. But a little time had passed since "the eagle" of the Emperor had flown in a few hours from an outpost to the capital. Fame, in heralding his coming, had emulated the modern wonders of the electric wire. True, he was caged, but the very severity of his captivity attested the doubts of his captors. The events of the last few years, the fetish-worship of the ignorant peasantry, the electoral urn filled as by some occult influence with millions of votes bearing the magical inscription "Napoleon," singularly justify the fears or the foresight of those who drew up the Treaty of Vienna. A name was then a reality, as now; and hence the necessity of guarding against the extraordinary power of that name.

Still, it may be questioned whether the policy which dictated the



THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON LYING IN STATE AT WALMER CASTLE.—(SEE PAGE 444.)



forced exclusion of any particular dynasty from the throne of France—as far, at least, as foreign Sovereigns could exclude it—was a wise one. We must remember that, by the same decision which excluded Bonaparte and his family, Louis XVIII. was restored. Certainly, the Sovereigns who attended the Congress of Vienna did not contemplate that, within fifteen years of the date of the treaty, the dynasty they had chosen for France would be ignominiously expelled; or that, within eighteen years further on, the junior branch, which then replaced the elder, would, in its turn, be driven from the throne. Nor, in the universal exultation which followed the downfall of Bonaparte, would the prophecy have been admitted, that the majority of the Sovereigns attending the Congress would have found themselves forced to abandon their self-assumed right of dictation to France, and to acknowledge rulers, whether Kings, Dictators, or Presidents, chosen by the French people themselves. It was the Duke of Wellington who set the example of acknowledging the dynasty of the House of Orleans; thus far abrogating the principle on which the Congress of Vienna had assumed the right to exclude the Bonaparte family. Although, too, the Belgian kingdom was the creation of Lord Palmerston's diplomacy, the Duke of Wellington (that is to say, the Ministry of which he formed a part) seized the earliest occasion to acknowledge the *status quo*. In addition to this, we must remember that it is now a principle of European diplomacy to acknowledge the *de facto* Government of any state; and, that principle once admitted, it is difficult to say in what respect it is possible to put upon it a limitation. Whether the French nation choose to call their ruler for the time being King, Emperor, Dictator, President, it matters little to those who are prepared to apply this new and salutary principle; nor, after that principle has been admitted, is it very easy to sustain that provision of the Treaty of Vienna which excludes the Bonaparte "dynasty" from France. The mere fact that, after seven and thirty years, a Bonaparte—the Bonaparte designated by the Emperor Napoleon—is about to mount the throne of France (it matters not by what means, since to diplomats a nation quiescent must always be a nation acquiescent) is itself tantamount to a proof that the provision in question is obsolete.

It is obvious that the great work brought to so triumphant a close by Wellington in 1815, would be all destroyed if the fact of Louis Bonaparte being made Emperor of the French were enough to annul the treaty of Vienna, and the settlement on which it is based. Then there remains no alternative but to separate the essential from the non-essential part of that treaty, and to insist on its territorial provisions, while discarding the personal. Were the Duke of Wellington alive at the present hour, and consulted as to his opinion—we might even say his wishes—all experience of his past career goes to show that he would hold fast by the real, and discard the sentimental. The same sound sense that induced him to acknowledge Louis Philippe would lead him to discharge a still less agreeable duty with regard to his successor. But he would never lose sight of the great duty of European Sovereigns, that of maintaining the territorial limits settled in 1815.

In another point of view we are entitled to say that the great settlement of Europe effected by the Duke of Wellington remains untouched in its material part. Is there not, has there not been for many years past, an absolute accord between the European Sovereigns on the great principle of international morality? Would not the slightest attempt by Louis Napoleon to break down the barriers of that morality be instantly visited with punishment and repression by a combination of the crowned heads? Yet, on the other hand, would it have been possible to form a coalition of those Monarchs for the purpose of crushing the last revolution, or now of restoring the Bourbons? Assuredly not. England at least would have held aloof; and other States would have clung round her in fear of so pernicious an example. It is impossible then to say that the work of 1815 is destroyed or undone, when we find a great principle of morality in active operation for the government of States, which up to that era—at least for nearly a century—had been set at defiance, and by none more flagrantly than by the uncle of the present ruler of the French nation.

The service, the inestimable service, then, that Wellington rendered to mankind, still endures, and will, we have no doubt, long endure, to hallow his name. He found Europe groaning under a desolating despotism; but he very early discovered that it was quite hollow, that a vigorous application of arms, in obedience to the highest laws of morality, would, in time, strike that tyranny down. He raised up states that had been crushed by an unprincipled oppressor, and he then devoted himself to the establishment of securities or guarantees against the renewal of the oppression that he overthrew. This, even more than his victories, constitutes the glory of his great career. Other great generals have been illustrious in war, but none have so successfully laid the foundations of peace. Even in his very manner of winning battles and of conducting a campaign, he inaugurated the new era, long before his own countrymen, still less Europe at large, believed either in him or his system. If he had reason to wish himself rid of meddling patriots and undisciplined troops in the Peninsula the want of their aid was more than compensated for in the enthusiasm of the peasantry and the people. And how was that enthusiasm excited? By patriotism alone? No; chiefly by the high character Wellington had obtained for his army, in respect of its honesty and its humanity. Thus, even at the outset, he was opposing morality to wickedness and rapacity; thus he was fostering the germ which was afterwards to develop into that durable policy of justice which was at a future day to spread over Europe its protecting shield. And let us not overlook this other fact—that the example thus set, and its brilliant results, did in fact renovate the political morality of Europe and the civilized world. It rescued the nations from the dominion of a fatalism born of awe and despair. It was as the vulnerable point in the heel of Achilles, that prompted courage against all odds. But for that calm, steadfast, adamant mind far away there in the South-West, and but for what he did, would the nations of the East, or the North, and of the North-East, have felt the presentiment of coming deliverance? Wellington it was who awakened once more the moral perceptions of mankind, and aroused them to a remembrance that there were influences in the world more potent than brute force. Was this a slight service to render to mankind? Was it not a service in its very nature lasting? Has it not, in dreary years of pining patriotism, even in later days, encouraged hope in the midst of despair? He made it clear to the world that tyranny even the most gigantic, and power beyond calculation, could not subvert the aroused moral instincts of mankind. And this great truth sank deep into the hearts of men—even of those who could not span the proportions of Wellington's mind, or did not know, perchance, the name of their benefactor.

## PARLIAMENTARY EULOGIES ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

### THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It was not to be supposed that the British Parliament, so rich in orators, would meet without seizing the earliest occasion to record the grief of the Duke of Wellington's colleagues in legislation and statesmanship at his departure from the scene of his senatorial labours. Accordingly, we find that the formal business consequent on the Speech from the Throne had scarcely been disposed of in the House of Lords (in the course of which Lord Donoughmore spoke ably and feelingly of the Duke of Wellington), when the Nestor of the assembly rose to pay his tribute of regret and admiration to the memory of the illustrious deceased.

#### THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE'S TRIBUTE.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, whose political life has extended over half a century, and in whose living memory is written the history of those great achievements which most of us can only contemplate in the annals of the past, took precedence in the discharge of this solemn duty, not more by his age and venerable position than by his actual reminiscences. He could speak from a personal knowledge of many events in the career of the illustrious deceased, which even to the oldest Peers around him were only matters of history; and there was also something of a dramatic unity in his now being called upon to pay the last tribute of parliamentary respect to the memory of Wellington, as, forty-seven years before, he had been selected by the Ministry of the day, of whom he formed a part, to do public honour to that of Nelson. The noble Marquis thus expressed himself:—

I, perhaps, have some claim, as an individual, to address your Lordships on this topic—(Hear, hear)—not merely because, owing to the great personal respect that I entertained for the noble Duke whom we have lost—who is lost to the country and lost to the world—not merely because without any political connection whatever with that noble Duke, he has done me the honour at times to consider me as his friend; and on the very last occasion on which he addressed this House, he did me the honour to speak of me in those terms; but because as one of, perhaps, the oldest members of the House, I remember the whole of that noble Duke's military and Parliamentary career. (Hear, hear.) My Lords, I stand in somewhat of a peculiar situation before your Lordships, addressing you on this subject, because it may not be known to the greater number of your Lordships—there are not many now alive to recollect it—that the individual who has now the honour of addressing you, some 47 years ago, in the other House of Parliament, when young in my Parliamentary life, was permitted and authorised by my colleagues of that time to call on that other House to do justice to the memory and to provide for the family of one of the greatest heroes that ever lived, and with whom alone in the military annals of this country the noble Duke now no more could be compared. It was, my Lords, in the year 1805—at a time of great difficulty and a great crisis in the military affairs of this country—that the country was compelled by a stroke of fate to lose the services of the greatest Admiral that ever distinguished this country, and who then fell into the arms of victory. There was then but one unanimous feeling on that subject; but when I addressed the House of Commons upon it I was then but imperfectly aware—those whom I addressed were but imperfectly aware—that at the very moment when that great man had raised the navy of this country to the highest pinnacle of perfection and glory, there was rising in the East another man destined to perform the same great services by the army of this country, and to raise it—by efforts constantly directed to that object, by the most unremitting study and the greatest practical skill—to a position in which it afterwards asserted the dignity of this country throughout the world, and established that high character which, thank God, the British army, under his peaceful administration, as well as under his military career, have never since forfeited. (Hear, hear.) Such were the characters of these two illustrious men—differing from each other, undoubtedly, as men will in particular points of their character, but resembling each other in all that was great and excellent—directing their attention to one great object—not indifferent, either of them, undoubtedly (as who is indifferent?) to the praise of others, but never allowing that praise to divert them from one moment from the service of their country, but making the honour of the Crown and the safety of the people the sole object of that unconquerable energy which regulated them in all the paths of duty. (Hear, hear.) My Lords, I feel—any man may feel—proud of having lived with two such warriors.

My Lords, in selecting these men as the glory of their age and their country, I do not mean to overlook the fact, that, during the same time, and through the same lengthened period, there has arisen genius of another kind—that the arts and sciences have not been dormant, and that men of great capacity, great industry, and great patriotism, have helped to make this country what she is—have contributed, and essentially contributed, to her prosperity, her wealth, and her greatness. But, my Lords, we must always recollect, when we are called on to do honour to the heads of the military profession, that our wealth, our prosperity, and our commerce would cease to be secure unless it was protected. Let it be remembered that, to whatever pitch and to whatever extent the manufacturing and the commercial industry of the country may be carried, and whatever accumulation of capital may find itself employed and settled on our shores, that that capital and that industry would disappear at once, and instead of attracting the eye, would attract the rapacity of the world, if for a moment it was supposed to be defenceless in its position. (Hear, hear.) For be assured, my Lords, that in the present state of the world, and in that state in which it must long continue, it is not merely to industry—however laudable as that industry is—it is not merely to science and to art, in their civil characters—noble as those pursuits are—that you can alone look for the continuance of the glory and of the Crown of this realm; you must make up your minds to protect them efficiently, and to show yourselves not only one of the most industrious, but also one of the most powerful nations of the world. (Hear, hear.) I have thought it right, my Lords, to say so much, because it weighs heavily on my mind. (Hear, hear.) I have associated these observations with the names of men who, in my opinion, have done more than any men have ever done to bring forward the resources, and to strengthen the power and efficacy of these resources, for the defence and protection of this empire. Having associated them together, I do not feel myself called upon to dwell more particularly on the history and achievements of the illustrious man to whom I have been referring. It was necessary to enumerate those achievements, I should wish to leave it to greater eloquence and to greater ability; but I do not deem it requisite to enumerate them—they are in all their rapid succession one record, and in daily perusal a part of the history of the world. They live, they are present in all men's minds—they are familiar to all men's tongues, and they are stamped and engraven on all men's hearts. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, my Lords, I have risen for the purpose of giving vent to my own feelings on the subject, with the knowledge and the confidence that such must be the feelings of this House.

There was something the more impressive and touching in this address of the venerable Marquis, for that he alone of all the Peers, is, by his age, his public services, and his announced renunciation, divorced for ever from political strife; and that he, like the Duke of Wellington, has acquired that moral weight and influence which entitles him to advise, to mediate, and by his wisdom to control.

We next come to the eulogium pronounced by one who, if he have not quite outlived detraction or political enmity, has, at least, long since consolidated his early reputation as one of the ablest members of the Legislature, and one whose past services in the public cause now constitute him the chief civilian of his time, as the illustrious deceased was its greatest soldier. We subjoin

#### LORD BROUGHAM'S TRIBUTE.

My Lords (said Lord Brougham), there is one topic to which my noble friend adverted mainly, and which most fitly formed the leading and introductory paragraph of the Speech, on which I feel—I will not say that it would be desirable that I should address your Lordships—but I feel that I might be liable to be misconstrued if I were not to say a word upon that at once glorious and painful topic. (Hear, hear.) My Lords, it needed no gift of prophecy—there was no risk in foreseeing and foretelling that when this day unhappily should come—when he too had yielded to fate who had never yielded to man, enemy, or rival—every whisper of detraction would be hushed, and that no voice would be universally raised to acknowledge his transcendent praise. But even the highest expectations have been surpassed. All classes of our fellow-citizens, all descriptions of persons, without distinction of class, or of sex, or of party, at home and abroad, the country he served, the allies he saved, the adversaries he overcame—partly in just recollection of benefits, partly in generous oblivion of differences—have all joined in this universal, unbroken, uninterrupted acclamation to sound his transcendent merit—not the merit of genius merely, but that which I place first and foremost in his great character, and that which is worthy of being held up for the imitation as well as for the admiration of mankind—I mean his great public virtue—(Hear, hear)—his constant self-denial, the abnegation of all selfish feelings, and never once during his whole illustrious career suffering any bias of passion, or of personal feeling, or of party feeling, for one instant to interfere with that strict, and rigorous, and constant discharge of his duty, in whatever station he might be called upon to perform it. (Hear, hear.) From whence I have a right to say that his public virtue is even more to be revered than his genius and fortune to be admired. My Lords, we are now grieving over his irreparable loss. May Heaven, in its great mercy, forbid that we should ever see the times when we should yet more sensibly feel it.

It was noticeable that the noble and learned Lord, of whom the Duke was so fast a friend while living, could not control his feelings, and that much of what he said was lost in the effort to check them. The claims of these two noblemen having been yielded precedence, the Premier rose to express himself on the same absorbing subject:—

#### THE EARL OF DERBY'S TRIBUTE.

My Lords, it is impossible that we should meet here without remembering, as her gracious Majesty has remembered, the great loss which we have sustained. As I rose to address you now, my eye instinctively turned to the head of this

table, and looking at that chair, which the noble Marquis behind me has so feelingly referred to, I miss there one familiar and venerated object—his grey head resting on the hand upraised to assist the infirmity of years, as conscientiously and laboriously he sought to catch the words of the humblest member who addressed your Lordship's House—(The noble Earl's voice here began to falter with emotion, and for some time his words were very imperfectly heard.) Again I see him rising amid the breathless silence of your Lordships' House, and with faltering accents, with no studied eloquence, in homely phrase, but with a power and grasp of mind which seized intuitively upon the pith and marrow of the matter in hand, slowly and deliberately pressing upon your Lordships the wise precepts of his intuitive good sense and the sententious maxims of his mature experience. It is not for me to speak of the qualifications which distinguished him as a great military leader. His sagacity in counsel, his unswerving loyalty to his Sovereign, his deep and untiring devotion to the interests of his country, his noble self-reliance, his firmness and decision of character, his abnegation of all selfish views in consideration of the interests of the country—all these are already written in the undying page of history—all these are engraved upon the grateful hearts of his countrymen—all these are honoured by the tears of his Sovereign—all these are about to receive from his country a great, but still inadequate commemoration. He is gone. He is gone where pomp and glory have lost their power of distinction. With reverence be it spoken, there, peacefully and hope fully may he rest, who, in all the vicissitudes of a long life—in the battle-field, at the head of his troops, in the congress of monarchs, in the councils of statesmen, in the cabinet of his colleagues, in the presence of his Sovereign, and in the face of the assembled Parliament—undazzled by his own great name, and unblinded by the blaze of his own transcendent glory, steadfastly resisted the seductions of any vulgar ambition, flung away motives of personal interest, rose superior to the trifles of political party, and, in every stage of his career, preferred to walk with childlike simplicity, and with that singleness of purpose which is characteristic of every great mind.

The Earl of Derby also spoke under the influence of very deep feeling; indeed its intensity was best manifested in the shape—the affectionate and personal shape—assumed by his reference to the deceased.

### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons, if the eulogistic tributes to the memory of the Duke were less formal and less impressive, this must be attributed to the lapse of time since the sympathies of that assembly had been associated with the Duke, and in no slight degree to the impatience of an influential section to proceed to the discussion of pressing public affairs.

Lord Lovaine, the mover of the Address, thus expressed himself:—

This House will excuse me if I approach with awe an event which has cast a shadow of grief and dismay over the mighty empire which obeys the sceptre of Queen Victoria—the quenching of that light which for nearly half a century has been the beacon to every Englishman to light him in the path of duty and of honour. No obsequies that we can give, no funeral pomp that we can bestow, can be adequate to express the love and admiration which this House and the country bore to that immortal man—a love and admiration, Sir, which was not founded upon the mere evanescent and vulgar influence of military glory. It was not that in his early career he had already given to England the supremacy of the vast empire of India—it was not that, going from triumph to triumph, he had raised the name and glory of England to the highest rank amongst the nations, nor because victory seemed chained to his standard, and he finally became the conqueror of the conqueror of the world—it was not, Sir, I say, so much for these things that his country loved him, as because, not dazzled and blinded by the brightest effulgence of those glories that war had shed around his head, and undaunted by the earthquake voice of victory, he was able to discern the true end and object of war—an honourable and lasting peace. And when he had brought this country out of the most tremendous struggle that ever nation was engaged in, for existence, as well as for victory, he used all the powers that his bright successes had given him to effect the permanent establishment of that pacification which his arms had obtained—and that, too, by every means of conciliation and every counsel of moderation that was consistent with the safety and honour of this country. How well he succeeded, the history of the last thirty-seven years can tell. We loved him, Sir, because, though he was the intimate and counsellor of the Monarchs of Christendom, he used his powers for no purposes of selfish aggrandisement, but took his station amongst us, content to prove himself the most faithful servant of the Crown, and to place his ambition on being the most devoted protector of the rights and welfare of his fellow-citizens. I believe his political opponents will bear witness that his counsel was always ready at the darkest hour of danger and difficulty, and that they could always rely on his honour and his sincerity, no less than on his sagacity to see the port of safety, which was hidden to less gifted eyes. (Hear, hear.) His name will descend to posterity as an example, not only of a great statesman, not only as the greatest warrior, but as a colossal example of unswerving obedience to the calls of duty, truth, fidelity, and honour. (Hear, hear.) I thank God that he went down to the grave in the full vigour of his intellect, conscious of the love that his country bore him, conscious how well he had deserved that love, and knowing that he had performed his last duty of warning that country against the danger arising from the intoxication of security into which her very peace and prosperity had plunged her.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL said only a few words appropriate to the occasion, having so recently delivered a beautiful eulogium on the Duke, during the Parliamentary recess. He said:—

It is agreeable to me find on this occasion that we have to consider an Address which begins by deploring the loss the country has sustained in the death of that great man the Duke of Wellington, on which there can be no long debate, and still less any division of the House. With respect to that first point of the Address, I certainly shall not attempt to add anything to what has been said by the noble Lord who moved, and the hon. gentleman who seconded, the Address. I feel that, on the subject of the Duke of Wellington, eulogy is exhausted. (Hear, hear.) It remains for history to record his great deeds; and it remains for us, unfortunately—for her Majesty—for her Majesty's Ministers—for the House of Lords—and for the country at large—to deplore the loss of those counsels which were inspired by the purest principle, and by the most ardent love of his country. (Hear, hear.) One only task remains to us, and that is, in conformity with the invitation from the Crown, to show that we are not an ungrateful people, and that we do appreciate the services done to this country by that illustrious man.

Mr. GLADSTONE added his few words to the general eulogy, feeling, perhaps, that the discussion had taken a turn too political to permit of a more lengthened expression of feeling. The right honourable gentleman said:—

I shall do no more than express my concurrence with those who have preceded me, and state how high a privilege I feel it to be permitted to be one of those who, on the part of the people, carry to the foot of the Throne such a tribute of admiration to the memory of so illustrious a man. I would venture, Sir, humbly to repeat a sentiment which I think was first promulgated by the noble Lord the member for the city of London, in another place, and say that I trust that, amid the celebrations and eulogies of the achievements and virtues of the Duke of Wellington, we shall not forget that if those achievements are placed beyond our imitation, there are many of his virtues, and these not the least signal, and many of those mental qualities, which made him great, and made him dear to the heart of this country, which are not placed beyond the range of the imitation of every man—that love of truth and honour—that earnest devotion to the public service—that single-mindedness, and that noble contempt of fraud, are qualities which it is open to every one of us to cultivate, and the cultivation of which will, I trust, not be forgotten in the midst of our lamentations and praises of the departed hero.

The foregoing allusion to Lord John Russell's former speech was doubtless kindly meant, to account for the brevity of his remarks on this occasion, when, as leader of the Opposition, he might have been expected to leave a more elaborate eulogy on the records of Parliament. Finally, one of the oldest public servants in the House, who was Secretary-at-War while the Duke was fighting his most brilliant fields, added a few words of respect for his memory.

Lord PALMERSTON said:—

I cannot refrain at the outset from joining my voice to those who have spoken already, in bearing testimony to the good taste and good feeling which have led her Majesty's Ministers to place in a prominent part of the Speech a just tribute to the memory of that great man whom we have just lost. (Hear, hear.) Of him at present I shall content myself by saying that I believe that never was there any other man in any country whatever whose lot it was to render such great and important services to his country, or who had the good fortune to live so long in the enjoyment of the universal and unbounded love, respect, and admiration of his countrymen.

It had been expected that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as leader of the House, would have seized the earliest occasion to give expression to their feelings in his own highly eloquent language. But the tone which the discussion had assumed, and the necessity he felt of defending himself and the Government from political attack, probably induced him to defer his intention, if he had entertained it. He did not deliver his eulogy until the following Monday.

## THE DISCUSSION ON THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.

The HOUSE OF LORDS met again on Thursday, when the Earl of DERBY said that he had to move the first reading of a bill which had been passed by the other House under rather peculiar circumstances, which made it necessary that he should ask their Lordships to dispense with their standing orders in order that it might be passed as speedily as possible. The Government had received representations on the part of a great number of merchants and commercial men of the city of London, with respect to the great inconvenience that would arise in connexion with the presentation and payment of bills falling due on Thursday next, the day of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, unless some arrangements were made by Parliament. It was proposed, therefore, to enact that Thursday next should be considered a



dies non; and that all bills falling due on that day should be presented and payable on Wednesday, but that if they were paid before two o'clock on Friday the parties should be subjected to no notarial charges arising from the delay.

The bill was then read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on the following day; the standing orders being dispensed with for the purpose.

The Earl of DERBY then again rose and said: "I have now to ask your Lordships to agree to an address to her Majesty, in reference to which I am sure that it is quite unnecessary for me to say a single word, because I am convinced that it will meet with the universal concurrence of your Lordships. And if I had not been convinced of this before, the language of general eulogy which I heard a few days ago would have relieved me from the necessity of addressing your Lordships at any length, and would have made me perfectly certain that you would have but one feeling as to the propriety of doing all that you can at present to honour the memory of the late Duke of Wellington by that public funeral which her Majesty, in anticipation of the wishes of Parliament and the country, has already directed. I beg, therefore, to move, without further preface, that an humble address be presented to her Majesty, to express to her the thanks of this House for her Majesty's most gracious message, which was communicated on Friday last, and humbly to thank her Majesty for having given directions for the public interment of the mortal remains of his Grace the late Duke of Wellington in the cathedral church of St. Paul, and to assure her Majesty of their cordial aid and concurrence in giving to the ceremony a due degree of dignity and solemnity."

The address was at once and unanimously agreed to.

The Earl of DERBY then said: "I have now to move a resolution that this House do attend the solemnity of the funeral of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday next, and that a committee be appointed to consider the circumstance relating to the attendance of this House at the solemnity of the funeral."

The Duke of CLEVELAND said that he wished to suggest to the First Lord of the Treasury the propriety of giving facilities for the departure and return from the cathedral of St. Paul of those persons who have been officially engaged in the procession and solemnity. He thought it was but reasonable that if those persons were not to return in procession, they should have some priority of departure over those who were present merely as spectators.

The Earl of DERBY said he need hardly assure the noble Duke that the question of the whole of the arrangements connected with the funeral had been a matter of very anxious consideration on the part of the Government and of those connected with the responsibility (for such it was) of conducting a ceremony of such magnitude; and he had no doubt that provision had been made for the fitting accommodation of those persons who had to join officially in the procession, and for facilitating as far as possible their return after the ceremony had been performed; but he thought it would be convenient, if their Lordships agreed to the appointment of a committee, that that committee should have in attendance before them on the following day Garter King-at-Arms, from whom they might ascertain what were the precise arrangements made, and then the committee or any other noble Lord would have an opportunity of suggesting any alterations which they thought desirable; and if it was possible to make them within the limited time which remained, he was sure that every person engaged would be ready to pay the utmost deference to the wishes of the House, and would have every disposition to meet them.

The resolution was then agreed to, and the noble Earl having nominated the committee, their Lordships proceeded to the other business on the notice paper.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Her Majesty's message in reference to the funeral of the late Duke of Wellington having been read,

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER rose and said: "Sir, the House of Commons is called upon to-night to perform a sorrowful, but a noble, duty. It has to recognise, in the face of the country and of the civilised world, the loss of the most distinguished of our citizens, and to offer to the ashes of the great departed the solemn anguish of a bereaved nation. The princely personage who has left us was born in an age more fruitful of great events than any other period of recorded time. Of these vast incidents the most conspicuous were his own deeds, and they, which were productive of the mightiest consequences, were accomplished with the smallest means, in the face of the greatest obstacles. He was, therefore, not only a great man, but the greatest man of a great age. Amid the chaos and conflagration which attended the end of the last century, there arose one of those beings who seem born to master mankind. It is not too much, sir, to say that Napoleon combined the imperial ardour of Alexander with the strategy of Hannibal. The kings of the earth fell before his subtle genius, and he denounced destruction against the only land which dared to disobey him and be free. The providential superintendence of the world seems scarcely ever more manifest than when we recollect this dispensation—that the same year should produce the French Emperor and the Duke of Wellington; that in the same year they should have embraced the same profession; and that, natives of two distant islands, they should both have repaired for their military education to that same land which each, in his turn, was destined to subjugate. During that long struggle for our freedom, our glory, and, I may say, our existence, Wellington fought and won fifteen pitched battles; all of the highest class, concluding with one of those crowning victories that give a colour and form to history. During this period, that can be said of him which can be said of no other general, that in the capture of 3000 cannon he never lost a single gun. But the greatness of his exploits was perhaps surpassed by the difficulties he had to encounter. He had to encounter a feeble Government, a factious opposition, and a mistrustful people—scandalous allies—and the most powerful enemy in the world. He won victories with starving troops, and carried sieges without proper matériel. And, as if to complete the fatality which attended him throughout life in this respect, when he had at last succeeded in creating an army worthy of the Roman legions and of himself, this invincible host was broken up on the eve of the greatest conjuncture of his life, and he had to enter the field of Waterloo with an army of raw levies and discomfited allies. But the star of Wellington never paled. He has been called fortunate—for fortune is a divinity that ever favours those who are at the same time sagacious and intrepid, inventive and patient. (Cheers.) It was his own character that created his career—achieved his exploits—and guarded him from vicissitudes; for it was his sublime self-control that regulated his lofty fame. (Cheers.) But, sir, it has of late years been somewhat the fashion to disparage the military character: forty years of peace have made us, perhaps, somewhat less aware of the considerable and complex qualities that go to the formation of a great general. It is not that he must be an engineer—a geographer—learned in human nature—adroit in the management of men—that he must be able to fulfil the highest duty of a Minister of State, and then to descend to the humblest office of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all his knowledge and to exercise all those duties at the same time, and under extraordinary circumstances. At every moment he has to think of the eve and of the morrow—of his flank and of his rear—he has to carry with him ammunition, provisions, hospitals—he has to calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of the men; and all the elements that are perpetually changing he has to combine, sometimes under overwhelming heat, sometimes under overpowering cold—often times in famine, and frequently amidst the roar of artillery. (Hear, hear, hear.) Behind all these circumstances there is ever present the image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to welcome him with laurel or with cypress. (Hear, hear.) Yet those images he must dismiss from his mind; for the general must not only think, but think with the rapidity of lightning; for on a moment more or less depends the fate of the most beautiful combination—and a moment more or less is a question of glory or of shame. (Hear, hear.) Unquestionably, sir, all this may be done in an ordinary manner, by an ordinary man—as every day of our lives we see that ordinary men may be successful ministers of state, successful authors, and successful speakers—but to do all this with genius is sublime. (Hear, hear.) To be able to think with vigour, with depth, and with clearness in the recesses of the cabinet, is a great intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigour, clearness, and depth amidst the noise of bullets, appears to me the loftiest exercise and the most complete triumph of human faculties. (Cheers.) When we take into consideration the prolonged and illustrious life of the Duke of Wellington, one is surprised at how small a space is occupied by that military career of his which fills so large a place in history. Only eight years elapsed from Vimera to Waterloo; and from the date of his first commission to the last cannon shot he heard in the field of battle, twenty years could scarcely be counted. (Hear, hear.) He was destined for another profession; and the greatest and most successful warrior, if not in the prime, at least in the perfection of manhood, he commenced that civil career scarcely less successful or less splendid than the military one that lives in the memory of man. (Cheers.) He was thrice the ambassador of his Sovereign at those great historic Congresses that have settled the affairs of Europe; he was twice Secretary of State;

he was twice Commander-in-Chief of the Forces; once he was Prime Minister; and to the last hour of his life he may be said to have laboured for his country. (Hear, hear.) It was only a few months before we lost him that he favoured by his council and assistance the present advisers of the Crown, respecting that war in the East of which no one was so competent to judge. He drew up his advice in a state paper worthy of his genius—and when he died, he died still the active chief of that illustrious army to which he has left the tradition of his fame. (Cheers.) Sir, there is one passage in the life of the Duke of Wellington which, in this place, and on this occasion, I ought not to let pass unnoticed. It is our pride that he was one of ourselves—(hear, hear, hear)—it is our glory that Sir Arthur Wellesley once sat on these benches. (Cheers.) If we view his career in the House of Commons by the test of success that we would apply to common men, his career, though brief, was still distinguished. (Hear, hear.) He entered the Royal Councils, and exercised high office of State; but the success of Sir Arthur Wellesley in the House of Commons must not be tested by the fact that he was a privy councillor or secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant—he achieved here a success that the greatest minister and the most brilliant orator might never hope to accomplish. (Cheers.) That was a great parliamentary triumph when he rose in his place to receive, as a member of Parliament, the thanks of the Speaker for a great victory. (Cheers.) And still later, when at the bar he received, Sir, from one of your predecessors, in memorable words, the thanks of a grateful senate for accumulated triumphs. (Cheers.) Sir, there is one source of consolation which I think the people of England possess at this moment, under the severe bereavement which they mourn over—it is their intimate acquaintance with the character, and even with the person of this great man. (Hear, hear.) There never was a great man who lived so long and so much in the public eye. (Hear, hear.) I would be bound, there is not a gentleman in this House that has not seen him—many there are who have conversed with him—some there are who have touched his hand: his image—his countenance—his manner—his voice are impressed upon every memory, and live in every ear. (Cheers.) In the golden saloon, and in the busy market-place, to the last he might be found. The rising generation, amongst whom he lived, will recollect his words of kindness; and the people followed him in the streets with that lingering glance of reverent admiration which seemed never to tire. (Cheers.) Who, indeed, will ever forget that venerable and classic head, ripe with time and radiant, as it were, with glory:—

Stilliconis apex et cognita fulsit  
Canities.

(Cheers.) That we might not be unacquainted with his inward and spiritual nature, that we might understand how this sovereign master of duty fulfilled the manifold duties of his life with unrivalled activity, he favoured us with a series of military and administrative literature which no age and no country can equal; and, fortunate in all things, Wellington found in his lifetime a historian whose immortal pages now rank with the classics of the land which Wesley saved. (Cheers.) The Duke of Wellington has left to his country a great legacy—greater even than his fame—he has left the contemplation of his character. (Hear, hear, hear.) I will not say that in England he revived a sense of duty—that I trust was never gone; but he has made the sense of public life more masculine—he has rebuked, by his career, restless vanity, and reprimanded the morbid susceptibility of irregular egotism. (Cheers.) That, I think, is not exaggerated praise. (Cheers.) I do not believe that, from the highest of those who are called upon to incur the severest responsibility of State, to him who exercises the humblest duty of society, there are no moments of difficulty and depression when the image of the Duke of Wellington may not occur to his memory, and the sense of duty may not sustain and support him. (Hear, hear.) Although the Duke of Wellington lived so much in the hearts and minds of his countrymen, although to the end of his prolonged career he occupied the most prominent position, and filled the most august offices, no one seemed to be conscious of what a space he occupied in the thoughts and feelings of his countrymen until he died. (Hear, hear.) Perhaps the influence of his thorough greatness was never more completely asserted than by the fact that, in an age when intellectual equality flatters all our self-complacency, every one acknowledges that the world has lost the greatest of men. (Cheers.) In an age of utility, the most busy, the most common-sense people in the world, can find no other vent for their woe, can select no other representative for their grief, than the solemnity of a pageant. (Hear, hear.) And we who are assembled here for purposes so different—to investigate the sources of the wealth of nations—to busy ourselves in statistic research—to encounter each other in fiscal controversy—we offer to the world the most sublime and touching spectacle that human circumstances can well produce—the spectacle of the senate mourning a hero. (Cheers.) I beg to move, sir, that an humble address be presented to her Majesty, to thank her for having given directions for the public interment of the remains of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, and to assure her Majesty of our cordial aid and concurrence to give the solemnity a fitting degree of importance."

LORD J. RUSSELL: I rise to second the motion, but I do not wish to add a single word to the eloquent language in which it has been brought forward. I trust that the whole House will concur in the able testimony which has been borne to the merits of the illustrious deceased. (Hear.)

The motion was put, and carried unanimously.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER: "I move, sir, that this House shall attend the funeral solemnity of the Duke of Wellington, in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Thursday next."

The motion was carried.

The standing orders having been suspended to permit the motion to be made.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved that a select committee should be appointed to consider the mode in which they should take part in the solemnity, and that the committee should consist of the following members:—Lord John Russell, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Gladstone, Sir John Pakington, Sir Charles Wood, Lord John Manners, Sir F. Baring, Mr. Christopher, Mr. Hume, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Cayley, Viscount Palmerston, and Mr. G. A. Hamilton.

MR. HUME: "Before the motion is agreed to, I hope the right hon. gentleman will state to the House what the duties of the committee will be."

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER: "The object of the committee is to consult the journals, and see the best manner in which the House can attend the funeral." (Hear, hear.)

The motion was then agreed to.

#### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

AMONG the remarkable features of the Duke of Wellington's character, not the least surprising is that it should present itself in so many different aspects. Scarcely have we finished the record of his brilliant military exploits, when we are attracted by the importance of his civil career, and find ourselves startled at the variety of modes in which his active and persevering spirit presented itself to mankind and worked out its mission. We have already shown him as a statesman, orator, and diplomatist, as well as in other shapes of mental activity, and yet the list is by no means exhausted. Indeed, the energy and industry of the Duke were not more remarkable than the facility with which he adapted himself to new circumstances, and mastered every situation in which he found himself. His mind was not so much in the common sense of the term "many-sided," as that he brought his whole force to bear on the duties he had to perform, or the subject he had to consider, for the time present.

We will venture to say that very few of our readers have ever contemplated the Duke in the capacity of Judge. Yet, during more than twenty years of his life he constantly figured as a judicial character, and discharged the duties appertaining to his station (which were not confined to adjudication) in such a manner, that it was lately said of him that no former holder of his office (one held by some of the most illustrious civilians this country has produced) had ever excelled him. Nay, he was pronounced to have been the best within memory. We allude, of course, to the late Duke's office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

The nature and duties of this office are very little known. When the newspapers occasionally spoke of the Duke having gone to Walmer on business connected with his office, the natural impression was that he was merely obliged to go through some form or other that was necessary to his enjoyment of a sinecure. This was not the case, the duties attaching to the office being very onerous and varied in their nature.

As originally constituted, the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports was a kind of *imperium in imperio*. Originally established by the Conqueror for the consolidation of his power on the coast, the privileges and powers of the office have become modified, to suit the altered state of society and of government; but it is interesting to reflect, that not a very short time before the Duke of Wellington's death, he was occupied in perfecting the defences of the coast, and in strengthening the position of the country in that direction; so that the earliest and the latest holders of the Wardenship were engaged in the same duties. When the Duke's letter on the defences of the country appeared some time since, many persons supposed that his anxiety on the subject arose from the habit of old age to magnify the importance of favourite pursuits, and that he was alarming the public on a subject with which he had no concern, except in so far as his advice might have been asked as Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's forces, and an old and successful military chieftain. This was not so. The Duke never forgot his favourite maxim, as to the importance of each man minding his own business; and, when recommending an improved state of the defences of the country, he was, in point of fact, only discharging a part of the duty that fell to him as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. It should be remembered that the jurisdiction of this officer extends over a wide range of coast: from beyond Margate, in Kent, to Seaford, in Sussex, and that the portion embraced by it is that at which a foreign enemy might be expected to attempt a landing. Therefore, although no actual power vested in the Duke as Lord Warden, in connection with the question, he was clearly not exceeding his duty in repeatedly urging on the Government of his country the necessity for attention to the state of the fortifications. Anciently the Lord Warden combined various offices, of which the remains are to be traced in the duties of the modern functionary. He was, for the district he commanded, similar to a Sheriff of a county, a Lord-Lieutenant of a county, a *Custos Rotulorum*, and an Admiral, but with an authority greater than that wielded by any Admiral of the Fleet of the present day, because more irresponsible and self-dependent. The modern Lord Warden retains many of the powers and privileges of his predecessors, but shorn of their formidable character. The Lord Warden, as Constable of Dover Castle, is the person to whom writs are directed from the superior courts touching persons living within his jurisdiction. He is, thus, a kind of sheriff. On receiving these writs, he makes out his warrant, which is executed by an officer called a "bodar," who, by the way, is (or till recently was), also the person to execute writs out of the local or district Court of Hastings. The Lord Warden's under sheriff is the clerk of Dover Castle, where there is a prison for debtors, in the custody of the constable. So that we must add to the many high military and civil functions of the Duke, those of a receiver and server of writs, and of a keeper of a debtors' gaol. Nor is this all. In former days there were held sundry courts of adjudication, at which the Lord Warden presided, the rest of the court being composed of the mayors of the towns included in the jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports, the bailiffs, and sundry inhabitants summoned as "jurats." In modern days the number of these courts is reduced, but there still remains the "Court of Brotherhood" and the "Court of Guestling," which, however, are only rarely held. The same functionaries constitute the court in each case; so that the administration of justice becomes as close and compact an affair as the Ecclesiastical Courts themselves. The object of assembling these courts was to fulfil a part of the duties imposed by the original charter, that of furnishing ships to the Crown. This, of course, has long since become obsolete; but the Courts of "Brotherhood" and of "Guestling" are held prior to each coronation, for the purpose of making arrangements as to the "Barons" of the Cinque ports, in respect of their right to hold the canopy over the King's head on occasion of that ceremony. It was in pursuance of this privilege that an extraordinary and anomalous coincidence occurred in the year 1820, when the present Lord Brougham, who, as Henry Brougham, the attorney-general of Queen Caroline, had arraigned King George IV. at the bar of public opinion, was, as member for Winchester, one of the "Cinque ports," privileged or obliged to be among those who hold the canopy over the King at his coronation. In some of the records of that ceremony, it is stated that he did so hold it. It fell twice to the lot of the Duke of Wellington to preside at these courts called for coronation purposes, first on occasion of the coronation of William IV., and the second time on that of our most gracious Sovereign.

Of course the functions and jurisdiction of the Lord Warden, and the special privileges of the Cinque Ports have been much abridged, more especially by the Municipal Corporations Reform Act; the object being to assimilate those privileges with the general municipal constitution of the empire. But no attempt was made to interfere with what remained of the jurisdiction of the Lord Warden as Admiral of the Coast. This jurisdiction embraces many subjects usually confined to the municipality; but, on the other hand, the Mayors of some of the towns are *ex officio* members of the courts held for the purpose of performing these functions. The principal is the "Court of Lode Manage," at which pilots are licensed, and all complaints heard of misconduct or inefficiency; and other duties are performed connected with the local government of those ports in all that relates to their ancient character or their maritime affairs.

At these courts, composed of the mayors and other persons representing the interests of the different towns, the Duke of Wellington used to preside—sitting, in fact, as a judge with his municipal satellites and a regular jury composed of jurats sent from the different towns. The Marquis Wellesley predicted of his illustrious brother that he was predestined to be a financier; forming his conclusion on the admirable financial plans found in his papers at Seringapatam. He little guessed that his brother was also qualified by the organisation of his mind, to fill the office of a judge. That he should have been so qualified is not a matter of surprise, if we consider that the most remarkable men the world has known have ever falsified that narrow prejudice which would confine one mind to one set of duties. Men of a high order of natural talent are always found equal to the position in which they may be placed, however novel it may be; and—like the common lawyer, who is pronounced ignorant of equity, yet makes a first-rate Chancellor—they compensate by the natural vigour of their powers and the balance of their judgment for the absence of experience. So it was with the Duke of Wellington, who, as we have said, has been pronounced by those who knew him in that capacity to have been "the best Lord Warden they ever had."

To the discharge of his judicial duties, the Duke brought the same clearness of vision and uprightness that had made him great on greater scenes of action. His extensive knowledge of mankind gave him a natural command over those with whom he came in contact, and enabled him to see quickly and comprehensively, and decide for himself. His punctuality in attendance, his patience in the discharge of his duties, and his acuteness in directing the real point at issue, are spoken of as having been beyond all praise; and it is stated by those who used to be associated with him, that he even took the utmost pains himself thoroughly to sift every case to the bottom, so that all men felt an absolute confidence that justice would be done. His demeanour on what we must call the judgment seat was characterised by gravity and self-possession; but he never permitted the time of the Court to be wasted. The slightest attempt to wander from the point was sure to bring out the military instincts of the soldier from under the dignified equanimity of the judicial functionary. Many stories are told of his proceedings. Among others, that he could occasionally lose not his self-command so much as his power of patiently submitting to prolixity or garrulity. On such occasions, but never when the provocation did not warrant it, the Duke has been known to get into a very unjudicial passion, reprimanding offenders in true military style. His person, as well as his authority, was respected, and, if all personages who have held the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports had done their duty as well as he, there would be less reason to expect that, in this reforming age, a relic of an ancient jurisdiction, second to none in the kingdom, will be swept away as encumbered with the useless rust of antiquity.





THE VISITORS ON THE BEACH AT DEAL.

### THE DUKE'S FUNERAL. THE LYING IN STATE AT WALMER.

Among the funeral arrangements, none seems to have given greater satisfaction, or to have been carried out in better taste, than the opportunity afforded to the inhabitants of the Cinque Ports and the surrounding district, of visiting the remains of their illustrious Warden, in his official Castle at Walmer. The village, as we have already illustrated, was of the Duke's early choice as a place of occasional residence: he liked its pleasant walks and rides, and its sea view was, doubtless, suggestive to the hero in his retirement.

The preparations made by Messrs. Dowbiggin and Holland at the Castle were of a simple and unpretending character, there being no means for any great display; nor, indeed, was it wanted. In the small, irregularly-shaped death chamber lay the body of the Duke, inclosed in an outer coffin, covered with crimson velvet, and with handles and funeral decorations richly gilt. On the lid, near the head, rested the ducal coronet, and beyond it the pall, gathered back, to give visitors a complete view. The coffin rested on a low stand, covered with black cloth, and protected from intrusion by a small railing, round which candelabra with huge wax lights and plumes of feathers were arranged. The walls and roof of the small apartment were, of course, hung with black cloth, the single deep-recessed window closed, and candles reflected against silvered sconces barely relieved the gloom of the sombre drapery. Visitors entering at one door passed by the end of the coffin, and then out at another without interruption. The ante-chambers and corridors for egress were also darkened, hung with black, and lighted with candles placed at intervals on the side walls.

The first day for admission of the public was Tuesday (last week). Through the low strong archway of the main entrance the visitors passed, first, along the curved glass-covered passage, then up steps upon the battery, then through dimly-lighted anterooms into the chamber of death, and then along corridors and down staircases and across the garden on to the beach. All the way, at a few paces distance from each other on either hand, the guard of honour of the Rifle Brigade were placed, each man with his arms reversed and leaning in a sorrowful attitude on his musket.

Along the beach, as far as the eye could reach towards Deal, a long train of visitors dressed in mourning passed and repassed throughout the day, while from greater distances conveyances arrived and took their departure in quick succession. One could not help being struck with the respectable appearance of all the visitors, and the evident care which even the humblest of them had taken to present themselves in a suit-

able attire at the castle on such an occasion. There was no overcrowding and confusion of any kind, and no unseemly levity of conduct.

On Wednesday the public were admitted again, when the attendance was still more numerous than on the previous day.

Three of the Duke's oldest and most faithful domestics are all of his establishment that now remain at the castle. One of them, a fine old veteran, is the sergeant of the Guards who at the disastrous siege of Bergen-op-Zoom refused to capitulate with the rest of the troops, and with thirteen comrades, after expending every cartridge, made an almost miraculous escape in the face of the enemy.



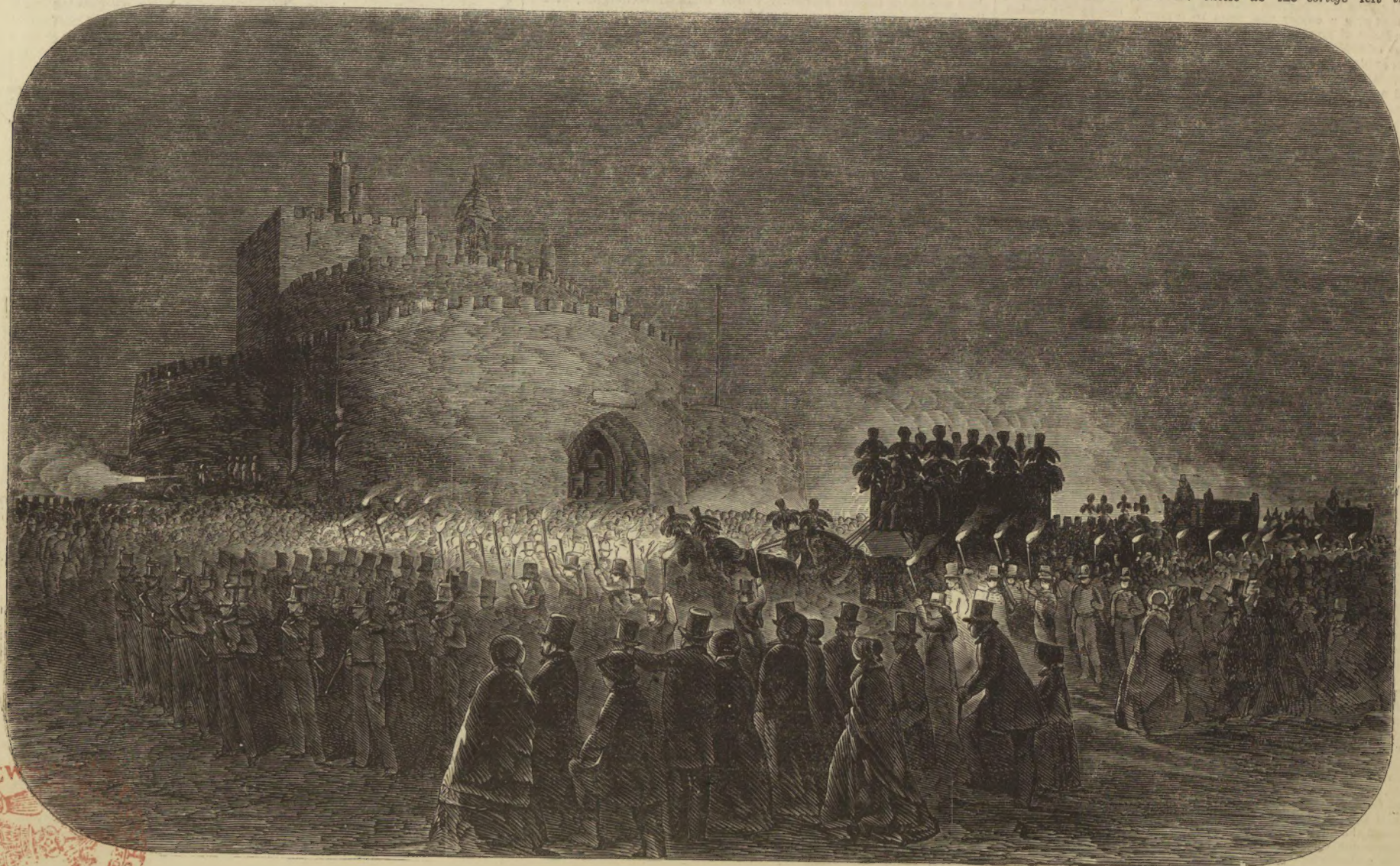
ENTRANCE TO WALMER CASTLE.

### REMOVAL OF THE BODY.

The general belief was that the body would be removed from Walmer to Dover, and thence by rail to the Bricklayers' Arms station; and it was not until late in the afternoon of Wednesday that orders were received for the horses to convey the hearse and mourning coaches from the castle to Deal. At four o'clock the castle was closed against visitors, and shortly after Mr. Holland, the undertaker, and his assistants, were in readiness to remove the coffin to the hearse. Shortly before seven, the hearse was backed over the moat bridge, and placed under the archway; and, immediately afterwards, two mourning coaches and four, and one mourning coach and pair, were brought up to the foot of the bridge. Almost at the same moment, about 150 of the Rifle Brigade marched up the northern approach of the castle, and lined the roadway, in readiness to form an escort. This detachment was under the command of Colonel Beckwith.

At a few minutes after seven, the coffin was placed in the hearse; and the plumes having been fixed, and the other arrangements completed, the tramping of the horses across the bridge announced the departure of the remains of the immortal soldier. As the hearse passed down the northern approach, the Rifle Brigade closed in as an escort.

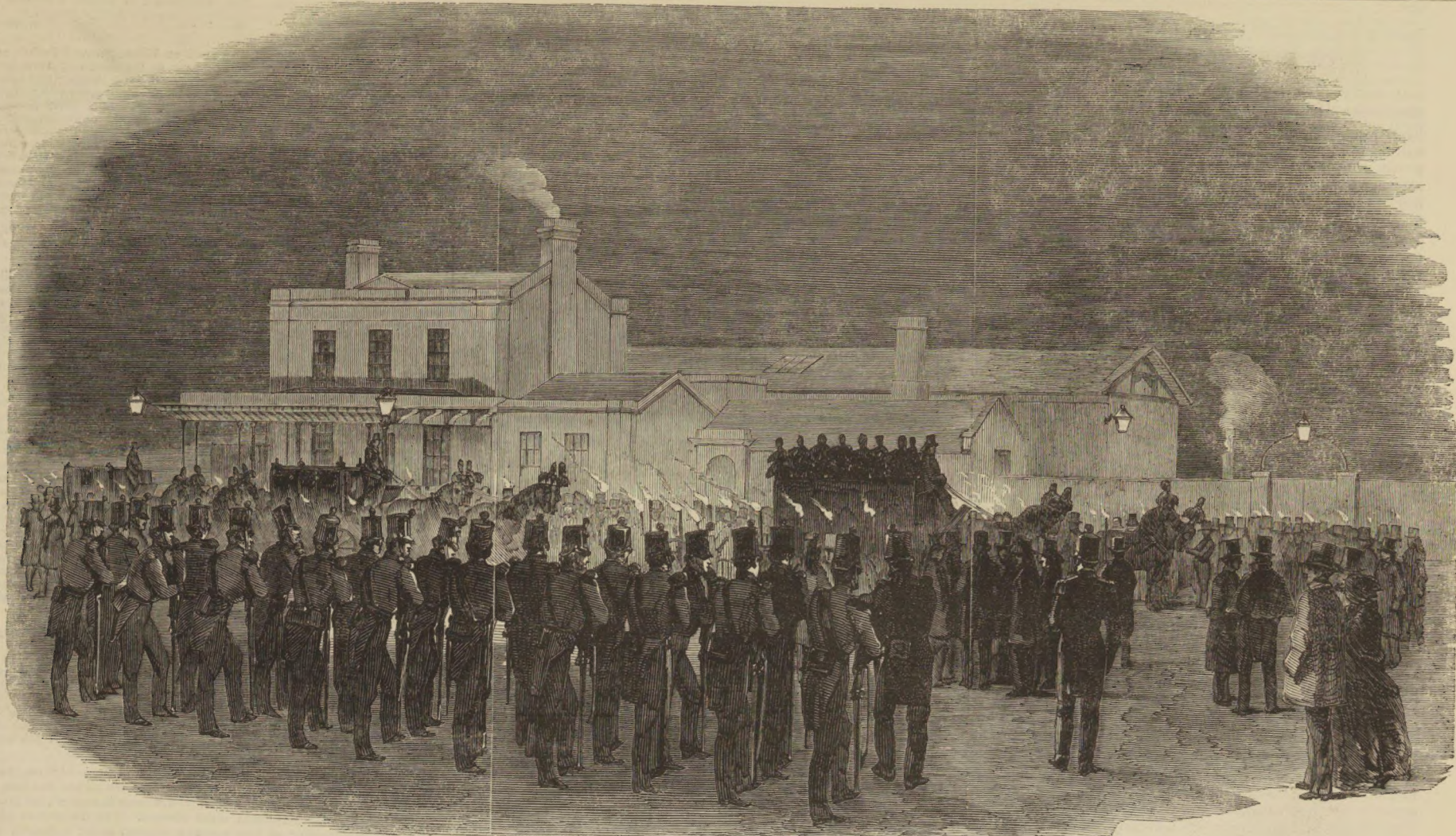
The first mourning coach contained the present Duke, Lord Arthur Hay (brother-in-law of the present Duke), and Captain Watts (the Governor of Walmer Castle.) In the second carriage was Mr. Marsh, of the Lord Chamberlain's office; and in the third carriage, Mr. Collins (the butler), and Mr. Kendal (the valet), both old and faithful servants of the late Duke. Minute guns were fired from the castle as the cortege left the



THE HEARSE AND REMAINS PASSING DEAL CASTLE.

NEW  
LONDON  
ILLUSTRATED  
NEWS





ARRIVAL OF THE HEARSE AND REMAINS AT THE RAILWAY STATION AT DEAL.

ground. The same honour was paid to the late Duke from the castle at Deal, and also from Sandown. The procession was led by a number of men with flambeaux, and as it moved down the sombre avenue was suggestive of deep and varied feelings. A large concourse of people had assembled along the road, and at Deal several thousand persons had congregated to witness the removal of the body. The progress from the castle to the Deal station was exceedingly slow, above an hour and a half being occupied in moving over about two miles of ground. At the station, the *cortège* was received by the chairman of the South-Eastern Railway, Mr. James Macgregor, M.P., and the other authorities of the Company. The hearse was quickly placed on a truck, and at a quarter past nine the train started for London.

The present Duke, Lord Arthur Hay, Captain Watts, and the late Duke's butler and valet, came up in the train, which stopped at Ashford and Tonbridge for the engine to take in water, and arrived at the Bricklayers' Arms at twenty-five minutes past twelve.

The arrangements at Walmer, and the passage of the *cortège* to the Deal station, were effected with exactness, and with the exception of the minute-gun firing, almost in silence.

#### THE ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

In consequence of its having transpired that the body of the late

Duke would be brought to London on Wednesday night by special train from Walmer Castle, the greatest curiosity was evinced in the neighbourhood of the Bricklayers' Arms station to ascertain, if possible, the hour when the remains might be expected. But as everything connected with the removal was conducted with the utmost secrecy, the most stringent orders to that effect were issued to the various officials of the station. By seven o'clock, or more than two hours before the special train left Deal, a crowd had collected before the gates of the station, which were kept close fastened. Groups also formed along the New Kent-road, at the Elephant and Castle, and onwards.

Precisely at half-past ten a troop of the 1st Life Guards, under the command of Captain De Roos and Lord Mountcharles, arrived, and were promptly admitted within the precincts of the station.

The hearse, containing the coffin, was firmly secured upon a railway truck, which was almost instantly detached from the rest of the train, the hearse placed upon *terra firma*, and the horses, four in number, harnessed in. All the troops, upon its coming into the open space outside the walls of the station, reversed their swords, and remained with them so until the *cortège* set out for Chelsea. This did not take place until some time had been consumed in fitting the funeral part of the cavalcade with black velvet and feathers.

The following was the order of procession:—

Advanced Guard of Life Guards.

Four mutes.

State Lid of Feathers.

Mutes.

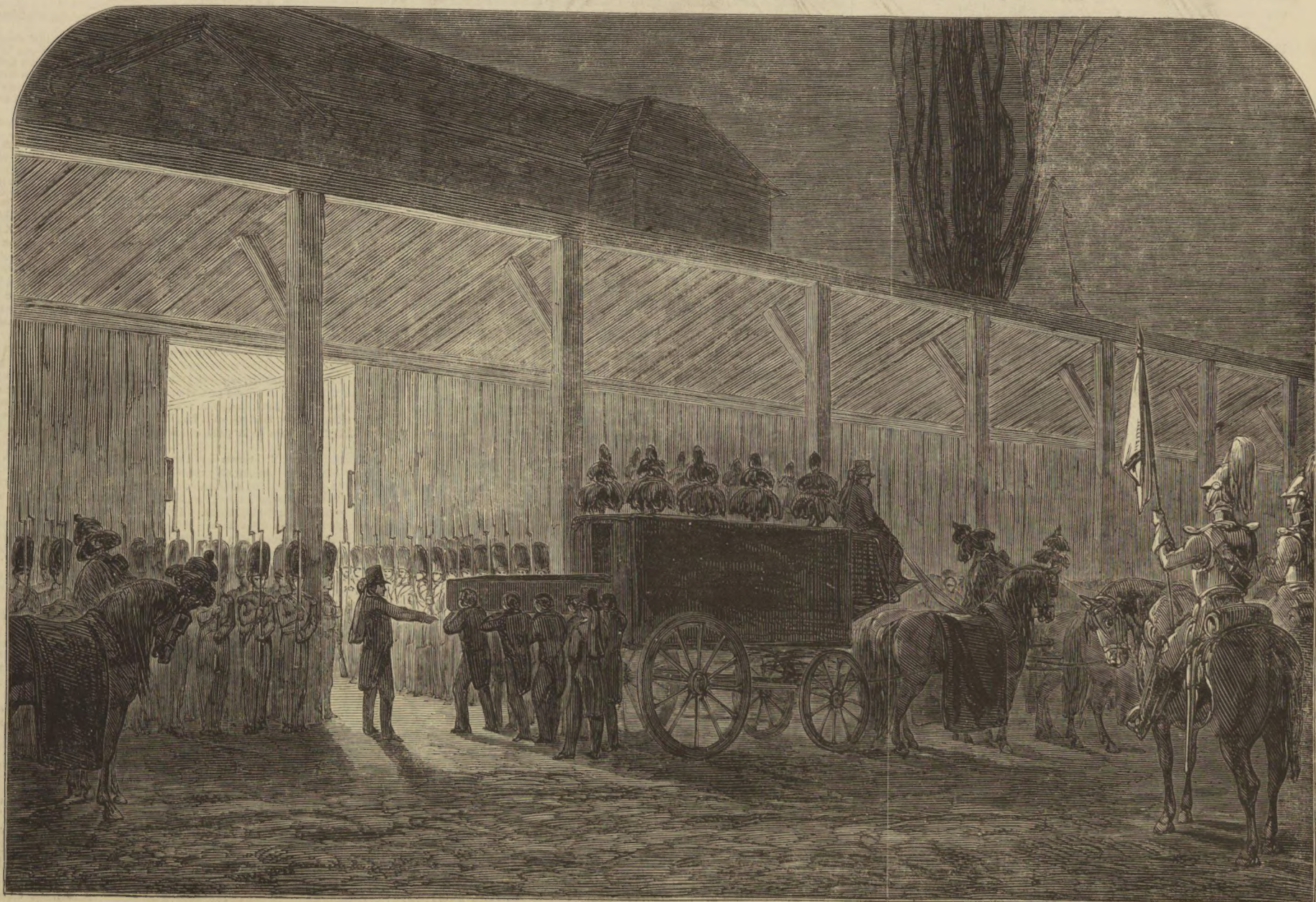
HEARSE,

Drawn by four horses, containing the Body of his late Grace.

Escort of Life Guards by the sides and at the rear of the Hearse.

Two mourning coaches, each drawn by four horses, containing the mourners, the Duke of Wellington, Lord C. Wellesley, and others immediately connected with the Duke's family.

The cavalcade left the station at half-past one, and proceeded at a very slow walking pace down the New Kent-road, by the Elephant and Castle, into the Kennington and Vauxhall-roads, over Vauxhall-bridge to Chelsea, where it arrived at about four o'clock. It was attended the whole of the way by a considerable crowd, that followed perseveringly in spite of the continued rain. On the arrival of the procession at Chelsea, the body was received by Mr. Norman Macdonald, Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's office, and under the superintendence of that gentleman removed to the hall, where it was to lie in state. A detachment of the Grenadier Guards (the Duke's regiment) remained in the hospital, and mounted a guard of honour in the state-room for the remainder of the night.



ARRIVAL OF THE HEARSE AND REMAINS AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.



## PORTRAITS, STATUES, AND MEMORIALS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

SECOND ARTICLE.

CONTINUING our account of the portraits of the Duke of Wellington, we have to mention a very excellent one painted by J. Simpson, in 1838; a half-length, with cloak and hat: the latter with its flowing feather, giving, perhaps, the appearance of a little heaviness to the head, but agreeable for the variety it presents to other portraits; the sword is carried across, supported by both hands. This portrait has been engraved in mezzotint by O. Gibbon.

Wilkie, whose last portrait, with charger, for the Merchant Tailors' Company, has already been mentioned, also painted a full-length in 1835, for the Marquis of Salisbury.

The late G. Dawe, painter to the Emperor of Russia, painted a full-length portrait, which is now in this country.

Of other engraved portraits, whether from Paintings, Sketches, or Sculptured Busts, may be enumerated:—

A half-length dressed in his orders. Large folio, *ad vivum*. By W. T. Fry, 1815.

Bust in a niche, after Nollekens. Drawn by John Taylor; engraved by E. Bocuquet, 1815.

Etching of head in profile, looking to the right. After Chantrey. Engraved by Mrs. Dawson Damer, 1822. (Private plate.)

Whole-length: standing, holding a letter, when Marquis and K.B. Small head profile, by C. F. Burney; engraved by Jas. Heath, 1814.

Half-length, right arm on a cannon. 8vo., *ad vivum*. T. Woolnoth, 1823.

A miniature half-length in uniform, when Marquis of Wellington. By W. Haines; engraved by H. Cook, for the Military Panorama, 1812.

Bust: after the Bust of Turnerelli. Engraved by H. Cook, for the *Military Chronicle*, 1815.

Profile, with wreath of laurels, forming an oval. Engraved by Schroeder, 1815.

Profile, bust, in uniform, looking to the left: in a wreath, inscribing the word Waterloo over his head, and underneath the representation of a triumphal chariot, the names of Wellington's principal victories, and this inscription:—"Fac-simile of the Great Wellington, and a unique cameo ring, on a rich sardonyx, representing Victory in a chariot presenting a laurel crown to Wellington the Conqueror. Published by Mr. Thomas Martyn, author of the design and proprietor of the ring. London, November 7, 1815." This print was accompanied by a wild rhapsody in letter-press by the said Thomas Martyn, "Author of various works on Shells, and other branches of Natural History, &c."

Half-length in a cloak, with order, engraved in mezzotint, from an original sketch by the late George Dawe, R.A. Published by Welch and Gwynne, 1842.

A bust in a circle, in military dress, dedicated to Lady Anne Cullen Smith. "Engraved by H. Minasi, from an approved likeness in her Ladyship's possession," 1814.

We have also seen a profile in small medallion, drawn and engraved by T. Wright, brother-in-law of Dawe, with an inscription in Russian, which we believe has not been published in this country.

"A View in Hyde Park," representing the Duke on horseback, in plain clothes, returning a salute. Painted by W. H. De Pauwauwa. The same, smaller.

Equestrian portrait (coloured) of the Duke in plain clothes. By H. B. Equestrian portrait of the Duke in plain clothes, as he appeared on his 73d birthday. Sketched and lithographed by H.B.

A small sketch (coloured) of the Duke "Engraving the troops at Windsor."

A group of three heads, representing the Duke at different periods of life, when in India, at Waterloo, and in the House of Lords. Drawn and lithographed by J. F. Lassouquère.

The above are more strictly works of portraiture. There have been, besides, a great variety, introducing portraits, but more or less connected with incidents, and in some cases in association with other portraits.

Of an early period is a fine portrait group, entitled "The Despatch," painted and engraved by John Burnet. It represents the Duke standing at night by a camp fire, and writing a despatch, supporting the paper on his hat; a guerilla with his mule ready-harnessed standing by; in the rear, buildings on fire. Beneath, in the margin, is an eagle grasping a sword and a pen, and this inscription—"Totum quæ gloriæ complet orbem."—Ovid.

The Countess of Westmoreland (when Lady Burghersh), also painted a picture of the Duke writing the Despatch of the Victory of Waterloo, which we have engraved and described at page 436.

Wilkie also painted a cabinet picture of the Duke writing a despatch by lamplight, on the night before the battle of Waterloo, which was exhibited in 1836, and attracted much attention. His biographer, Mr. Cunningham, however, says of it that this picture, admirable in other respects, "was liable to this objection—that there was nothing in the composition to show that the despatch was penned on the eve of Waterloo—an error so rare in Wilkie as to render it remarkable." Whatever its failings on the score of historical identity, the artist bestowed great pains upon the execution of this work, which he painted for Sir Willoughby Gordon, late governor of Chelsea Hospital. The sketch from it is engraved in Wilkie's "Spanish Sketches;" and the original study for the hand, painted from life, and an admirable specimen of minute and life-like elaboration, is in the possession of Messrs. Graves.

Poor Haydon, encouraged by the honours reaped by his study of "Napoleon on the Rock of St. Helena" (purchased by Sir R. Peel), produced in 1844 a companion picture, the "Hero and his Horse on the Field of Waterloo Twenty Years after the Battle," which has been engraved in mezzotint by Lupton, and in a smaller size by Davey; and, being dedicated to the British nation, has enjoyed a wide popularity. The warrior Duke is represented standing beside his horse, resting upon its neck with one hand, his hat off, and contemplating the altered aspect of the once blood-stained field, now restored to the peaceful uses of agriculture.

The fraternity of "The Army and Navy," in the persons of the two greatest heroes of either service, has been commemorated by Mr. J. P. Knight, in the circumstance of the only meeting of Nelson and the Duke, when Colonel Wellesley. This picture is engraved and described at page 437.

Mr. J. T. Barker has produced several "Incidents in the Life of Wellington," in which he succeeded in combining accuracy of portraiture with subjects of historical interest. His meeting of Wellington and Blücher on the evening of the victory of Waterloo, at La Belle Alliance, recently produced, is remarkably characteristic. It is a picture which tells its story in a vigorous way; and there is not only actuality in the facts, but in the portraits. Blücher's face is the familiar face of German pipes and snuff-boxes; the attendant officers of both commanders are historic personages, painted from their portraits; and the Duke's face is such as those who knew the Duke in his old age feel it must have been in his middle life. The picture has some defects as a work of art, the atmosphere and the background being bad; but the artist probably looked only to his principal group, painting the whole simply to be engraved from; and we have no doubt, when engraved, it will obtain a wide popularity.

We understand that this picture was seen by the Duke himself not long before his death, who expressed himself greatly pleased with it. Another subject portrait by the same artist has also recently appeared, and is announced for publication. This picture represents the Duke life-size and full-length, in his cabinet at Apsley House. He is seated in his Waterloo chair (a piece of furniture made out of the renowned elm tree near which he rested at the battle of Waterloo, and the fellow of which is at Windsor Castle) and "reading the despatches from India announcing the battle at Ferozepore with the Sikhs." He is supposed to have just lighted upon a passage in Sir John Littler's report, where the Sixty-Second Regiment of

Foot is stated to have been seized with panic—a charge against which the Duke subsequently vindicated the regiment in the House of Lords. Mr. Barker, although he had no sittings for this work, had frequent opportunities of studying the great hero in the House of Lords, and elsewhere, and has produced an unmistakable likeness; though the flesh tints strike us as somewhat too warm and deep. Objections perhaps may be taken to the spectacles, inasmuch as they were seldom used by his Grace, and are unmilitary in character; but, it is known that he used them occasionally in his parliamentary and official duties and this introduction seems, therefore, to be historically correct on this occasion. By this introduction alone the artist has been enabled to contend against a difficulty which had baffled the skill of all his predecessors, Lawrence alone excepted, in the treatment of the Duke; namely, the expression of the eyes. The accessories—the "Waterloo elm chair," the desk full of well-packed papers, the carpet, the portrait of Napoleon—all are actual fac-similes, taken from the private cabinet at Apsley House, and painted with a skill which we have before remarked in similar objects in the artist's pictures. The work is to be engraved in line by Mr. F. Bacon, as a companion to Delaroche's Napoleon at Fontainebleau.

The Duke having been represented in almost every official capacity except that of the statesman, we owe to the fine taste of her Majesty a group-picture of England's two most honest and indefatigable servants: the Duke (not of the battle-field, nor of the Trinity House, nor of the University; but in the simple dignity of a politician and adviser of the Crown) standing beside the only statesman to whom he always "dutifully" deferred, Sir Robert Peel. The Duke is represented in profile, dressed, if we mistake not, in the Windsor uniform; Sir R. Peel wearing a frock coat. This picture, which was painted by Winterhalter in 1844, and has been engraved by Faed, though perhaps not containing the very best likenesses extant of the two illustrious leaders, is invested with a peculiar interest which will increase with time.

Finally, the Duke, as the friend of Royalty—the sponsor to one of England's young Princes, is commemorated in a very pleasing picture, also painted by command, by Winterhalter, entitled "The first of May, 1851." This picture represents the Duke offering, as a birthday gift, to his godson, Prince Arthur, a casket, which he has just brought from the Great Exhibition. The Queen, still in her robes of ceremony, holds the Royal infant up in her arms, to admire the interesting gift; whilst Prince Albert, standing behind, looks towards the Crystal Palace (from which the Royal party have but just returned), and of which he holds a plan in his hand. This picture has been engraved in mezzotint by Samuel Cousins.

## HISTORICAL PICTURES OF THE DUKE'S ACTIONS, AND FANCY SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEM.

We come now to a very interesting part of our subject; a review of the principal historical or fancy pictures, in which his wondrous achievements are communicated, or in which he is personally introduced.

And first amongst these, though not claiming to be historical in the strict sense, we shall place Wilkie's masterly picture, "The Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo." Great as has been the popularity of this remarkable work, it will, in after times, present increased claims upon the sympathies of the admirers of the mighty genius of the age; as being the only memento of the greatest action of his life, undertaken by his own express command, and the composition and production of which he personally superintended.

As we have already stated, the picture is rather an episode upon the battle of Waterloo, than an historical work; and yet it was painted under circumstances, and comprises so many portraits of men who had distinguished themselves, although in humble capacities, in the service of their country, under the command of the Duke, that it may properly be looked upon as belonging to history. Wilkie, as soon as he was honoured by the Duke to grace his mighty fame with a work of mixed fancy and reality, gave himself up almost wholly to the work, of which he was justly more proud than any other commission could have made him.

When it was shown (says Cunningham, in his "Life") that Wilkie was engaged on a picture for the Duke of Wellington of a military nature, great was the stir in the ranks of the army, and likewise in society; the current of a heady fight was in the fancy of some, while others believed he would choose the field after the battle was fought, and show the mangled relics of war—

With many a sweet babe fatherless,  
And many a widow mourning.

But no one guessed that out of the wooden legs, mangled arms, and the pension lists of old Chelsea, he was about to evoke a picture which the heart of the nation would accept as a remembrance of Waterloo, a battle which had filled the eyes of Britain with mingled gladness and tears. Amongst those who were touched by the subject was Sir Willoughby Gordon, a soldier of the old Scottish stamp, whose name appears early in the list of the painter's admirers: of whom the following entries in the painter's journal speak:—

"Nov. 28th, 1818. Sir Willoughby Gordon called, and expressed a strong wish to possess my sketch of 'The Chelsea Pensioners.' I mentioned the price of sixty guineas, to which he agreed."

"Dec. 23d. Left a note at Apsley House, to inform his Grace the Duke of Wellington that I had prepared a sketch of 'The Chelsea Pensioners,' and would be proud to submit it to his Grace's consideration either at Apsley House or at Kensington."

Subsequent entries show how the Duke and the artist were at cross purposes for some little time, ere they could come to a meeting upon—to the latter all engrossing point—the order of the day for his great work:—

Jan. 24, 1819. Went to dine with Haydon, and when absent was so unfortunate as to miss the Duke of Wellington, who did me the honour to call about three o'clock. His Grace looked at the sketch, but made scarcely any remark upon it; but both the Duke and the friend that was with him seemed to look with attention at "The Wedding" and at Duncan Gray. His Grace said, when going, that he would call again.

25. Sent a note to the Duke, to express my regret, and to say that, after Tuesday, when my picture ("The Penny Wedding") was to be delivered at Carlton House, I should be at home constantly.

Feb. 26. Called at Apsley House. The Duke sent me out word that he had to attend a committee, and begged that I would call some other day.

27. Went to Apsley House again, and took my sketch with me. The Duke still could not see me, but requested that I would leave my sketch.

At length, on the 7th March, he calls again at Apsley House, has an interview with the Duke, "who told me he wished to have in the picture more of the soldiers of the present day, instead of those I had put of half a century ago. He wished me to make a slight sketch of the alteration, and would call on me in a week or ten days to look at it."

The alterations were put in progress, but the Duke does not appear to have called till the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle, when Wilkie unfortunately was again absent, dining with Haydon, and so missed the Duke.

"On coming home in the evening," the journal says:—"found that the Duke of Wellington had called about five o'clock, with two ladies, one of whom seemed to be the Duchess. My sister saw them, and showed them the pictures and sketches. His Grace mentioned what he liked and disliked in the last sketch I made, and left word that he should be at home if I called any morning before twelve o'clock." Accordingly Wilkie called a week after, but the Duke "sent out word he was engaged, but requested the sketches to be left, and he would call upon me in a few days."

The above notes show that the Duke had a will of his own, even in regard to a picture, and was precise in explaining his views. In the following passage we find that he was open to conviction, and could yield a point or two to others in matters of which they might be supposed to know more than himself.

In his objections to the introduction of the man with the ophthalmia the Duke was firm; and he was right, both in point of feeling and of artistic taste:—

July 12. Called at Apsley House. Mr. Long (afterwards Lord Farnborough) there, and, after waiting a considerable time, the Duke of Wellington came from a review in the Park. He showed Mr. Long the two sketches of "The Chelsea Pensioners," stating what he liked and disliked, and observing that out of the two a picture might be made that would do. He preferred the one with the young figures; but, as Mr. Long remonstrated against the old fellows being taken out, the Duke agreed that the man reading should be a pensioner, besides some others in the picture. He wished that the piper might be put in, also the old man with the wooden leg; but he objected to the man with the ophthalmia. I then asked the Duke if I might now begin the picture, and he said immediately if I pleased. I brought the sketches home with me.

Wilkie set to work accordingly, and painted on so unremittingly as to injure his health. On the 30th Oct., 1820, he writes to Sir George Beaumont:—"My picture of 'The Chelsea Pensioners' is in progress; but, previous to my leaving town, underwent a complete alteration, or rather transposition of all the figures. The effect has been to concentrate the interest to one point, and to improve the composition by

making it more of a whole. The background is almost a correct view of the place itself, and is remarkably favourable for the picture."

Mr. Cunningham says:—

The "Waterloo Gazette" was like a spell on Wilkie during the whole of the year 1821, and as far into the succeeding year as the month of April, when it went to the Exhibition: those who were curious in such things might have met him, after measuring the ground, as it were, where the scene of his picture is laid, watching the shadows of the houses and trees, eyeing every picturesque pensioner who passed, and taking heed of jutting houses, projecting signs, and odd gates, in the old rabblement of houses which, in days before the cholera and amended taste, formed the leading street or rather road, of Chelsea. Nor had he seen without emotion, as I have heard him say, the married soldiers when they returned from the dreadful wars; sometimes two legs, as he observed, to three men, accompanied by women, most of whom had seen, and some had shared in, the perils and hardships of the Spanish campaigns, or had witnessed the more dreadful Waterloo, and soothed or ministered to the wounded as they were borne from the field—

"When from each anguish-laden wain,  
The blood-drops laid the dust like rain."

With these, Chelsea mingled veterans who had been at Bunker's-hill and Saratoga: others were blinded with the hot sands of India or Egypt, or carried the scars of the Duke of York's campaign in the outbreak of the great war of the French Revolution. He brooded over all these matters. Every time he visited Chelsea, and saw groups of soldiers paid and disbanded, and observed their convivialities, the more was he confirmed that the choice of the picture was excellent, and that even the desire of the Duke to mingle the soldiers of his own great battles with the hoary veterans of the American War had its advantages.

Mrs. Thompson, wife of Dr. A. T. Thompson, states in a pleasing narrative, how Wilkie used to go continually to Jew's-row, Chelsea, to sketch an old projecting house, under the shade of which some of his groups were placed:—

"I remember," proceeds this accomplished lady, "how he rejoiced over the picturesque attributes of Jew's-row, and loved to enumerate its peculiarities. I do not know whether you know it: it is a low Teniers-like row of extremely mean public-houses, lodging-houses, rag-shops, and bucket-shops, on the right hand as you approach Chelsea College. It is the Pall Mall of the pensioners; and its projecting gables, breaks, and other irregularities, were admirably suited, in the artist's opinion, for the localities of the picture which then was formed in his mind. There is, you know, a young child in the picture half springing out of its mother's arms. The attitude of the child, which is nature itself, was suggested by a momentary motion which he observed in one of my children; and he asked again and again to see the child, in order to confirm that impression, and fix the same effect."

At length the picture was finished, and ready for the Exhibition in 1822. On the 27th of February, Wilkie writes:—

Had the honour of a call from the Duke of Wellington to see the picture. He seemed highly pleased with it; took notice of the black's head and old Doggy, and of the black dog which followed the Bines in Spain; observed that it was more finished than any I had done; was interested with what I told him of the people, and where they had served; and seemed pleased with the young man at the table, and with the circumstance that old Doggy had been at the siege of Gibraltar.

The picture was hung at the Royal Academy in the centre on the fireplace, with Jackson's portrait of the Duke of York on the one side, and Lawrence's portrait of the Duke of Wellington on the other; an arrangement with which the artist was much pleased. The Duke was pleased also. He was present at the opening dinner, and "appeared much pleased with the picture, and with the satisfaction it seemed to give to other people."

The crushing and crowding to see this picture were greater than had ever been known in any similar case:—

The battle of Waterloo itself (says Cunningham) made scarcely a greater stir in the land than did "The Reading of the Gazette," when it appeared in the Academy Exhibition. The hurry and the crush of all ranks to see it, which Wilkie has described in his Journal, was surpassed by the reality; a crowd, in the shape of a half-moon, stood before it from morning to night, the taller looking over the heads of the shorter; while happy was the admirer who could obtain a peep, and happier still they who, by patient waiting, were rewarded with a full sight, as some of the earlier comers retired wearied, but not satisfied. Soldiers hurried from drill to see it; the pensioners came on crutches, and brought with them their wives and children to have a look; and, as many of the heads were portraits, these were eagerly pointed out, and the fortunate heroes named, sometimes with a shout. Such was the enthusiasm which the picture inspired.

The artist, trembling for the safety of his picture, wrote a letter to the President, requesting him to cause a railing to be erected round it; a request which Sir Thomas Lawrence, with his usual good and gentlemanly feeling, himself superintended before eight o'clock on the very day following.

The Duke of Wellington, if not a lavish man, was a liberal man: he thought every man who did his duty should have his due. Accordingly, we find the following entries in the artist's journal:—

July 20. Received a note from the Duke of Wellington, asking what he was indebted for the picture.

This picture contains sixty figures, and took me full sixteen months' constant work, besides months of study to collect and arrange. It was ordered by the Duke in the summer of 1816, the year after the battle of Waterloo. His Grace's object was to have British soldiers regaling at Chelsea; and, in justice to him, as well as to myself, it is but right to state, that the introduction of the *Gazette* was a subsequent idea of my own to unite the interest, and give importance to the business of the picture.

22. Sent the picture to Apsley House, with a bill of the price, which, after mature consideration, I put at £1260, i.e. twelve hundred guineas.

23. Was told by Sir Willoughby Gordon that his Grace was satisfied to give twelve hundred guineas for the picture, and gave Sir W. leave to tell me so.

25. At the Duke's request, waited upon him at Apsley House, when he counted out the money to me in bank-notes, on receiving which I told his Grace that I considered myself handsomely treated by him throughout.

In Jones's "Recollections of Chantrey" is a story which is hardly reconcilable with the above precise statements, and in which we cannot help thinking the writer must have been misinformed. It runs as follows:—

"Wilkie's confidence in Chantrey was such, that when finishing the picture of 'the Chelsea Pensioners,' the Duke of Wellington was sitting to Chantrey for his bust, which induced Wilkie to ask his friend if he would tell the Duke that the sum named for the picture would be a very slender remuneration for the time and labour bestowed. Chantrey undertook this delicate office, and obtained for Wilkie an augmentation of the amount proposed, or expected by either party."

As we said before, we quote this supposed anecdote merely to express our disbelief of it. The Duke and Wilkie were both men of plain, straightforward character, and the latter would as little think of applying to a third party to urge a just claim in his own behalf as the former would be to drive a hard bargain. Besides, the entries in the artist's journal clearly show that no sum had been agreed upon, and that, on the contrary, the sum to be paid was left to the artist's honour and discretion to the last.

The picture is well known by the fine engraving by Burnet, published by Messrs. Graves, who gave £1200 for the copyright. The Duke was loth to part with the original for the purpose of being engraved; but remarked, "I know I must," and insisted to know how long it would have to remain out of his hands. Five years being named, the Duke consented; and, two days before the expiring of the period, called at the publishers to order some prints, which having done, he inquired, "Shall I have my picture back on Monday?" The reply was in the affirmative; upon which the Duke exclaimed with satisfaction, "Ah! that's punctuality; and now I will let you have any other of my pictures to engrave another time," an offer which he willingly adhered to in the case of the "Whisky-Still," and some others.

When Burnet's print of the "Greenwich Pensioners" was published, the Duke bought a couple of copies, which were hung up opposite prints of the "Chelsea Pensioners," at Apsley House, and also at Stratfieldsay. It was suggested to him that he should buy the original picture of the latter, but he demurred to the cost; he could not lay out such sums as twelve hundred guineas every day. Upon being told that the price was only £500, he made various inquiries—was the artist a poor man? and being answered in the negative, but that the money would be of use, he said, "Very well, he shall have the money;" and he bought the picture accordingly. Thus two interesting memorials of the brightest achievements of the two services are in Apsley House, and both are made heir-looms by desire of his Grace. One of the last orders he gave, upon leaving London for the last time, was to have the "Chelsea Pensioners" revarnished during his absence.

Of the battle of Waterloo there have been several pictures, by various artists of the highest pretensions.

The first, we believe, in point of date, was that painted by Atkinson and A. W. Davis—a work of very large dimensions, now in the possession of Mr. Rutley. It represents the final charge, and the flight of Napoleon, who is seen in the distance. This picture was engraved by Burnet (for Boydell's), who went over to the scene of action, to take the ground plans, in aid of the artist's labours. A series of etchings of these plans were also made, and are considered interesting.

Another very spirited version of this subject is the water-colour



painting by Luke Clennell, "The Decisive Charge of the Life Guards," and which has been engraved by Bromley. The composition and grouping are remarkably effective, showing the French cuirassiers in flight towards the spectator, the English coming after them from the other side of the picture, and more in the rear.

A. Cooper, R.A., has a picture of "the Battle of Waterloo," representing the moment when the Duke is ordering the final charge of the Guards. The figure of the Duke, on a fiery charger, occupies the centre of the picture. He is giving his orders to his aide-de-camp, Colonel Cadogan, who raises his hat and bows in acknowledgment. In the group immediately in attendance upon his Grace are the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Hill, and Marshal Blucher: to the right the Guards are seen rushing to the charge; and in the foreground is presented one of the numerous tragical incidents of that eventful day—the brave Picton mortally wounded, and borne off the field by a Highlander of the 92d Regiment, assisted by two other men. The whole of this composition is very spirited, and the figures are not so numerous as to impair the importance of the principal. It has been well engraved in mezzotinto by F. Bromley.

G. Jones, R.A., has painted two pictures of the great battle—one of which is the property of the United Service Club; the other of the Crown, being hung in the throne-room at St. James's Palace. In company with the latter, by the way, is a picture of the "Battle of Vitoria," by the same artist. The picture belonging to the United Service Club has been engraved by J. T. Williams. In it the martial phalanx is skilfully broken into groups, which seem to tend to the centre; the Duke of Wellington being near the foreground on the right; Bonaparte in the background; and numerous other particular figures in various parts; amongst others the Prince of Orange, wounded.

Sir William Allan, some years ago, painted two pictures of the "Battle of Waterloo," the point of view of one being taken from the British lines; that of the other from the French lines. The Duke purchased one of these pictures after seeing it at the Exhibition; we rather think the last-mentioned, in which the figure of Bonaparte is prominent. He remarked at the time of it, "Good; very good! not too much smoke." An amusing anecdote is related of this transaction, and upon the authority of the artist himself, against whom it certainly "tells" a little.

"After the picture had become the property of the Duke, the artist was instructed to call at the Horse Guard, on a certain day, to receive payment. Punctual to the hour appointed, Sir William met his Grace, who proceeded to count out the price of the picture, when the artist suggested that, to save the time of one whose every hour was devoted to his duty, a cheque might be given on the Duke's bankers. No answer was vouchsafed, however, and Sir William, naturally supposing that his modest hint might not have been heard, repeated it:—'Perhaps your Grace would give me a cheque on your bankers; it would save you the trouble of counting notes.' This time the old hero had heard, and whether irritated at being stopped in the middle of his enumeration, or speaking his real sentiments, we know not, but turning half round, he replied with rather a peculiar expression of voice and countenance—'And do you suppose I would allow Coutts's people to know what a fool I had been?'"

It will be recollected that in the case of the "Chelsea Pensioners," the Duke also paid the artist in cash, and not by means of a cheque. He had certainly a right to make both payments in any way he liked; and Wilkie had too much plain good sense to raise any objections to the tender. We have to add that the companion picture is, as far as we know, still in the hands of the representatives of the artist.

The German artist, Sauerward, painted two pictures of great merit, of the "Battle of Waterloo," which have been engraved by J. W. Cook. Finally, the French historical painter, Vernet, painted a picture of the "Flight of Napoleon after the Battle of Waterloo," which has been engraved in three sizes, in which medium it is extensively known; but where the original picture is we know not. It does not appear to be in any of the public collections of France.

As an episode upon the battle, Haydon produced, many years ago, a large picture of an event which actually occurred; namely, the visit of George IV. to the scene of the battle, where he was accompanied by the Duke, and attended by a brilliant suite. This picture attracted much notice at the time it was exhibited.

The heroes of Waterloo, and others of the Duke's great engagements, have formed the subjects of two or three very interesting group pictures. Of them, the first in order of date and interest is that of the "Waterloo Banquet," by Salter, completed in 1841. The history of this picture is curious enough, and shows out of what trivial accidents works of sterling and lasting importance may spring:—

The painter, then young in his profession, chanced to be in Hyde Park about the year 1836, on the evening of the banquet, riding a spirited horse past Apsley House, and thus obtained a glance at the interior of the Duke's dining room, all the windows of which were open on account of the heat of the weather. The brilliancy of the company, the splendour of the room, and the important event commemorated by the banquet, immediately suggested to the artist a fine subject for his pencil; and during the night he arranged it, as far as practicable, in his own mind. The next step was to apply to Lady Burghersh (now the Countess of Westmorland), a liberal patroness of the artist, who at once consented to interest herself to obtain the Duke's permission; and for this purpose introduced the painter to his Grace. He met with a peremptory refusal; the Duke alleging that the subject was a very difficult one, required to be well treated; and doubting, naturally, whether so young an artist would be able to devote time and means to insure success.

But even the Iron Duke was not proof against persuasion. Lady Burghersh again renewed her suit, and succeeded in inducing his Grace to reconsider the application; the result of which was, that, at a subsequent interview, his Grace consented to sit, and gave orders for Mr. Salter's admission to Apsley House, with permission to study the accessories of the picture from the magnificent services of plate and table ornaments, the pictures which adorned the walls, &c. The artist afterwards studied the grouping at repeated banquets. This great work occupied nearly five years in completion: it contains upwards of seventy portraits, the sittings for which were very numerous, and often difficult to obtain. The likenesses are all acknowledged to be excellent.

Since the picture was completed, time has thinned the number of guests; the great hero himself has passed from among them, and the Waterloo Banquet will hereafter be but as a tale that is told. In the meantime, the picture has acquired additional value: it has been engraved by Greatbach with great success, for Alderman Moon, being one of the largest, if not the largest, plate ever engraved; but the painting remains unsold, in the artist's possession. This great picture, worthily commemorating the greatest event of a mighty age, and perpetuating the lineaments of England's brightest chivalry, who conquered on that day, surely deserves a place in our national collection, or at least might be adapted as one of the most fitting "memorials" to the Duke, and his army, for which so many subscriptions are getting up in all our great towns. As an incentive to worthy deeds in future generations, nothing could surpass the influence of such a scene. In the words of a contemporary critic:—"In ages yet unknown, when Sovereign after Sovereign has passed away, and the ribbons and the garters of their conferring have rotted with their wearers in the dust, proud and happy will be that man who can point to the faintest remaining outline on this canvass, and say, 'My ancestor was there.'"

J. P. Knight's "The Heroes of Waterloo," represents the gallant company assembled in one of the apartments at Apsley House, awaiting the announcement of the banquet. There are thirty figures, some standing, others seated, the likenesses all excellent; those of the Duke and the Marquis of Anglesea being most prominent. The treatment of this difficult group picture is highly artistic and satisfactory. This picture has been engraved by C. G. Lewis; and, by permission of the proprietors, we gave a representation of some of the principle portions of it in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for the 18th of June, 1852.

The same artist, encouraged by the success of his "Waterloo Heroes," afterwards produced a group picture of "The Heroes of the Peninsula," the Duke, surrounded by thirty of the brave veterans who had assisted him in the brilliant campaign, in which he drove the flower of the French army, commanded by its most distinguished generals, from the Tagus, within the French boundary at Toulouse. In the rear, on the wall, are represented portraits of George III. and of the brave Sir John Moore. This picture has been engraved by Bromley. The original painting, as well as that of the "Waterloo Heroes," was purchased by the Marquis of Londonderry, and will, doubtless, remain on the walls of Holderness House as heirlooms.

The pictures of historic character in which the Duke's portrait is introduced, as necessarily taking part in the proceedings, are numerous. We will mention merely a few of them at present, and these having reference to events of our own time:—Wilkie's picture of the "First Council of Queen Victoria;" Leslie's "Coronation of the Queen" (the Sacrament), where he occupies a central position; Sir George Hayter's picture of the same event, the scene being that of the "Homage," the Duke with his coronet lifted; also, the "Coronation," by Paris; Hayter's picture of the "Marriage of the Queen and Prince Albert;" Leslie's

picture of the "Christening of the Princess Royal;" Hayter's, ditto, of the "Prince of Wales;" all engraved except the last, which is in progress of engraving; for all of which, we believe, the Duke gave actual sittings.

Long as this, our second paper is, we have not yet exhausted all the materials at our disposal in reference to art's homage to the great Duke, and the Duke's patronage of art. In a future paper we will give an account of the treasures and curiosities of art which were in his possession, and many of which came into his hands as testimonials of his distinguished and eminent services.

#### BUSTS AND STATUETTES OF THE DUKE.

In addition to the busts and statuettes mentioned in our last, are several of comparatively recent date, which possess considerable merit.

About six years ago a bust was modelled of the Duke by Count D'Orsay, the expression of which is very much to be admired, being thoughtful, dignified, and life-like. The shoulders are draped. This bust, which was much approved of by the Duke, has been modelled in Parian by Mr. Copeland most successfully. We may take occasion to observe, that the exertions of Mr. Copeland, in connexion with the first introduction of this beautiful and elegant material for the purpose of busts and statuettes, have been very great, and worthy of distinguished notice. The material of the small bust in question is of excellent colour, and a remarkably close imitation of Parian.

The Count also modelled a very beautiful equestrian statuette of the Duke, which has been published in bronze by Mr. Walesby.

Mr. Noble, not long ago, modelled a bust of the Duke, draped; very creditable for its likeness and treatment, and of which he has received numerous orders for copies in marble and metal.

Baron Marochetti (the sculptor of the Glasgow monument) had opportunities in the course of his labour upon that statue to design a bust, from sittings, at Stratfieldsay, which is remarkable for vigour and general truthfulness of character, rather than for marked emphasis upon minute details. This bust has been reproduced in different sizes, in bronze.

Alfred Crowquill's statuette of the Duke, representing him as seated in the House of Lords listening to a debate, was a happy thought, happily carried out. The figure is easy and natural, and the expression denotes observation and intelligence. It has been executed in Parian for publication.

The last bust modelled from life was that by Mr. H. Weigall, who was favoured with sittings in August, 1851; at the same time that the artist's son painted the miniature mentioned in a previous article. It represents the Duke in evening dress, with the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and the decoration of the Golden Fleece. This, by the way, is one of the most interesting of the numerous decorations which the Duke was entitled to wear; being absolutely the one originally worn by the Emperor Charles V. To return to the bust, it is of life size, and an excellent likeness; with great vigour of character, and breadth of expression.

#### THE CRYPT IN ST. PAUL'S.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

Sir,—Before the final duties are discharged to the remains of our great Duke, allow me to call attention to the state of the crypt in which his honoured remains repose. On frequent occasions, when visiting the tomb of Nelson, I have been pained by the forlorn, dismal, and dirty aspect of the whole scene. However stately the dome which canopies the abode of the illustrious dead, the crypt has not hitherto received the attention it ought to have done, and has exhibited a striking contrast to the well-kept, clean, and tasteful appearance of the Pantheon of Paris, where so many distinguished Frenchmen lie. I trust that in future more care may be taken, and that the spot to which pilgrims of all nations will continually resort to behold where

The mighty chiefs lie side by side,

may be made more what a national mausoleum should be, and more worthy of the sepulture of England's noblest sons.

Some changes might with great advantage be made in the tomb of Nelson, and I would suggest the desirableness of removing that heavy mass which now stands above his remains. Surely nothing can be more inappropriate than the sarcophagus of Cardinal Wolsey placed over the remains of our great naval hero.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

November, 1852.

D. D.

#### LYING IN STATE AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

SINCE the publication of our Journal of last week, the remains of the Duke have been displayed to his countrymen with a pomp and imposing splendour worthy of his fame and of the greatness of the nation and monarchy which he served. The pageantry of death, however solemn and affecting, is still overtopped by the merits and the glory of such a name as Wellington's. His achievements will live when the grand coffin and the sombre magnificence of the draperies, and the banners, and all the heraldic devices, have shared the fate of other earthly vanities. But laying such feelings aside for the moment, let us regard the recent ceremonial at Chelsea Hospital as one of the formal modes of exhibiting the public sentiment on the occasion of the death of so great a man. In the Number published with the present Sheet, we have detailed the several days' Lying in State; and here we shall merely describe the arrangement of the solemn and splendid scene, which is depicted on the next pages.

First, it is requisite to describe the architectural arrangements of that portion of the Hospital which has been appropriated to the Lying in State. Entering on the north side, the visitor passed through a spacious vestibule, which the reader will find illustrated and described in the accompanying Sheet. Standing in the centre of this vestibule, the visitor found the hall and the chapel running to the right and left of him on either hand, and in suite. Both were entered by short flights of steps, which raised them above the level of the vestibule, and added considerably to their architectural effect. Both were further remarkable for their excellent proportions; and even through the plainness of their interior fittings, before the recent changes were made, it was not difficult to detect the master mind of Sir Christopher Wren, who designed them. The chapel windows were hung with black curtains, which excluded the light of day; and a few wax tapers in gigantic silver candelabra, placed along the aisle, just dispelled the gloom sufficiently to show the eagles and Eastern banners, and other proud relics of our great wars, projecting from the walls. At the entrance stood a Grenadier Guardsman, his scarlet uniform strongly contrasting with the sable decorations around him, and his military appearance looking strange and unwonted in the threshold of the dimly-lighted sanctuary.

The hall, wherein the remains of Wellington lay in state, is 118 feet long by 38 broad, and 49 feet high. From the entrance at the lower end of the hall visitors pass along one side until they reach the raised dais on which the coffin and bier rest. They then cross to the other side and make their exit at a side door constructed for the purpose.

We next detail the mixed gorgeous and sombre picture upon the ensuing pages.

A simple railing has been put up to facilitate the general arrangements, and to separate those in official attendance at the lying in state from spectators. The hall is hung throughout with black drapery, formed above into a tent-like shape, the effect of which is greatly heightened by white bands arranged diagonally, and breaking the monotony of the perspective. On the side walls graceful pendant folds are arranged at 6-foot distances, and in the intervals are placed escutcheons of the Wellington family, inclosed within wreaths of laurel in green and silver. The raised dais at the top of the hall on which the remains of the deceased hero repose, is covered in the centre with a cloth-of-gold carpet, the bier (four feet high and nine feet long) being formed of black velvet, and surmounted by the coffin, richly decorated with gilding and crimson velvet. On the end of the bier is suspended an overwhelming display of stars and orders, in number and importance far surpassing anything of the kind ever possessed by a single individual, and among which the insignia of the Garter occupy the proudest position. The whole bier is surrounded by a magnificent silver balustrade adorned with heraldic devices, from which project ten pedestals, eight of which bear, upon black velvet cushions, the Marshal's batons, and orders of the eight following countries:—Great Britain, Hanover, Austria, the Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Spain. The ninth and tenth pedestals bear the Duke's standard and guidon; and attached to all are lion supporters in gold more than two feet high, bearing the shields and banners of the nations enumerated. At the back of the bier is her Majesty's escutcheon, sur-

rounded by the Wellington bannerols, relieved upon a cloth of gold-hanging. The gorgeous pomp of the dais is crowned with a magnificent and lofty canopy of great size and novel construction, which rises to the ceiling of the hall, and is surmounted by a shadowy plume of feathers set in a silver socket. The hangings and curtains of this canopy are of the most sumptuous character, being formed of black velvet lined throughout without silver, and enriched with a heavy cornice and fringes of the same precious material. So skilfully has this part of the decorations been planned that the greatest lightness is combined with solemnity of effect, and the view of the catafalque is kept unincumbered by having the draperies gathered up in a series of graceful festoons.

The hall was lighted up, so as to reconcile the splendour of the spectacle with that sombre character which in all ages has been regarded as appropriate to the manifestation of respect for the dead. It has been stated that the visitor entered through a long darkened corridor into the vestibule, which is only partially illumined; and that in the chapel, also, a few tapers are kept burning, which hardly dispelled the gloom. As you enter the hall, four long rows of colossal silver candelabra, distributed in double file, at regular intervals on either side, and extending to the foot of the dais, rivet the attention. They are 54 in number; stand 7 feet high, and have wax candles in them 7 ft. long and three in. thick. The rows of candelabra next the side walls, being mounted on pedestals, burn at an elevation of 17 or 18 feet from the ground, and the light is thus shed more evenly than would otherwise be the case over the sombre decorations of the interior. One might have supposed that such a number of candles would illuminate the hall too brilliantly; but this is not the case, the immense mass of black drapery subduing all glare, and preserving a mournful gloom. On the dais and around the catafalque the splendour of the arrangements renders a great increase of light desirable; and there, accordingly we find twelve magnificent silver candelabra placed, each holding five candles; so that within this confined space there are nearly as many tapers burning as in the whole body of the hall. In addition to this, ten hollow columns have been constructed, composed of spears, surmounted by feathers and covered with laurel and escutcheons; these have each gas jets concealed behind them, the rays of which are thrown by reflectors on the gold and silver ornaments, the orders, the banners, and the rich hangings of the catafalque. The result is extremely brilliant, and yet not out of character—an effect being produced not unlike that of the decorated shrines in Catholic cathedrals, when lighted up.

The last and the finest feature in the arrangements of the ceremonial at Chelsea Hospital remains to be noticed. Men, after all, are the greatest ornaments of any pageant, and the disposal of them at the lying in state is unusually skilful and artistic. A low platform runs along the side walls of the hall, and upon this picked soldiers of the Grenadier Guards stand like statues, resting on their arms reversed. Around the catafalque the yeomen of the Guard are stationed; and nine mourners—one-half military, the other from the Lord Chamberlain's department—are seated. The chair of the chief mourner is placed at the head of the coffin, and is concealed from view. Colonel Thornton, commanding the Grenadier Guards, Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, Major Brownrigg, and Captain Ellison—all, of course, in full uniform—were among those who officiated as mourners on the first day. The artistic talent with which the whole was designed reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Cockerell, the eminent architect, who was charged with it by those in authority. Nor are the Messrs. Dowbiggin and Holland, upon whom devolved the chief labour of executing so many details in so short a space of time, entitled to scanty praise for their successful exertions.

We should add that the Yeomen of the Guard and the Wardens of the Tower who attended the ceremonial, wore for the first time their new uniform; the alteration is, simply, the hats have been made one inch deeper; the Sergeant-Majors (formerly called ushers), as a distinction from the privates, have a chevron of four stripes of gold lace on blue velvet with an embroidered crown on the right arm.

This new uniform is of a very superior description to that hitherto worn; it has been made by Mr. Yates, 66, Jermyn-street, St. James's. The gigantic wax candles were supplied by Messrs. Miller and Sons, of Piccadilly.

We subjoin the entire list of the Batons and Orders displayed in the Hall:—

#### BATON OF RUSSIA.

Collar.	ORDER OF ST. ANDREW.	Star.
	Badge with Riband.	
	ORDER OF ST. ALEXANDER NEWSKY.	
	Cross with Riband.	Star.
	ORDER OF ST. GEORGE.	
	Cross with Riband.	Star.

#### BATON OF PORTUGAL.

	ORDER OF THE TOWER AND SWORD.	
	Badge with Riband.	Star.

#### BATON OF AUSTRIA.

	ORDER OF MARIA THERESE.	
	Cross with Riband.	Star.

#### BATON OF ENGLAND.

	Badge of the Garter with Riband.	
	Cross of the Bath with Riband.	

#### BATON OF SPAIN.

	ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.	
Collar and Badge.	Badge and Riband.	
	ORDER OF ST. FERNANDO (HIGHEST CLASS).	
	Cross with Riband.	Star.
	ORDER OF ST. FERNANDO (FOURTH CLASS).	
	Cross with Riband.	Star.
	ORDER OF ST. HERMENEGILDO.	
	Badge with Riband.	Star.

#### BATON OF PRUSSIA.

	ORDER OF THE BLACK EAGLE.	
	Cross with Riband.	Star.
	ORDER OF THE RED EAGLE OF BRANDENBURG.	
	Cross with Riband.	

#### BATON OF THE NETHERLANDS.

	ORDER OF WILHELM OF THE NETHERLANDS.	
	Cross with Riband.	Star.

#### BATON OF HANOVER.

	ORDER OF THE GUELPHS.	
	Cross with Riband.	Star.

#### THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

The Garter.	Star.	Collar and George.
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#### THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH.

Star.	Collar and Grand Cross.
	Collar of Victories, given by George IV.

#### THE SUPREME ORDER OF THE ANNONCIADE.

Collar and Badge.	Star.
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#### THE ORDER ST. FERDINAND OF MERIT.

Badge and Riband.	Star.
	Peninsular Clasps.

#### THE SAXON ORDER OF THE CROWN.

Star.	Cross and Riband.
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#### THE ORDER OF ST. JANUARIUS.

Star.	Cross and Riband.
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#### THE DANISH ORDER OF THE ELEPHANT.

Star.	Badge and Riband.
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#### THE ORDER OF THE SWORD OF SWEDEN.

Star.	Badge and Riband.
	Waterloo Medal.

#### THE ORDER OF THE ST. ESPRIT.

Star.	Cross and Riband.
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#### ORDER OF THE LION D'OR, HESSE CASSEL.

Star.	Badge and Riband.
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#### MILITARY ORDER OF MAX. JOSEPH, BAVARIA.

Star.	Cross and Riband.
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#### ORDER OF FIDELITE, GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN.

Star.	Cross and Riband.
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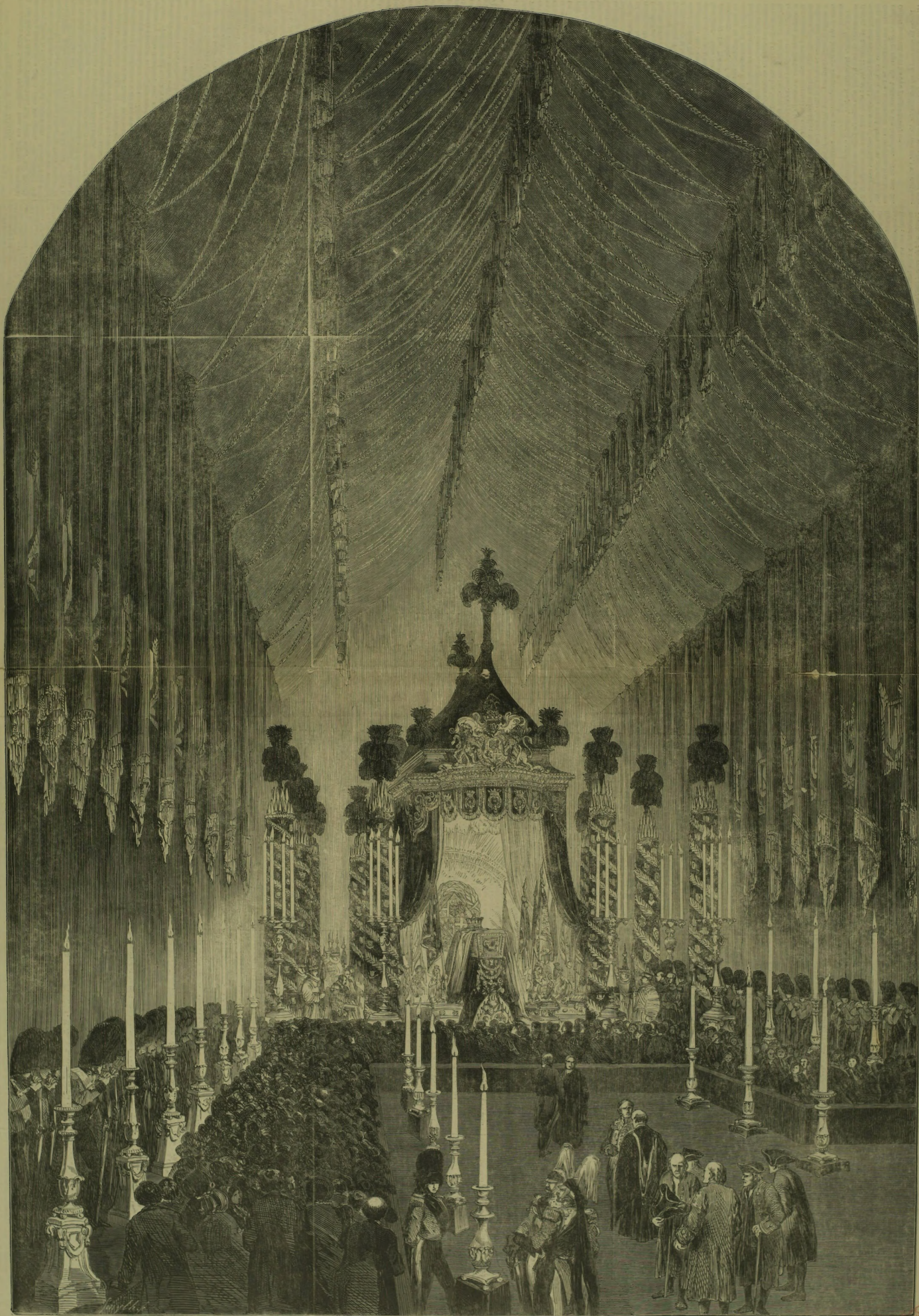
#### THE WURTEMBERG ORDER OF MILITARY MERIT.

Star.	Cross and Riband.
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#### THE ORDER OF THE LION OF BADEN.

	Badge and Riband.
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THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON LYING IN STATE IN THE HALL OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



## REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT DUKE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE absence of the Duke of Wellington from the brilliant ceremonial in the Royal Palace of Westminster, last week, when her Majesty opened the Session by a Speech from the throne, was painfully felt by every person in that distinguished assemblage. Almost for the first time since the Peace, we missed the familiar sentence in the morning journals:—"The Duke of Wellington was among the Peers earliest in attendance." Sadly and often the eye reverted to the space in front of Prince Albert's chair, and at the foot of the throne, where his Grace, in his Field-Marshal's uniform, resisting all entreaties to sit down, awaited the arrival of her Majesty, until the moment when it was necessary to don his Ducal robes, and take his place in the Royal cortege. Many a peeress passed with dejected step the spot where a cordial salutation from the venerated Duke had always hitherto awaited her, stamping the proudest with a seal of distinction, and giving a new and conscious charm to the most beautiful members of our female aristocracy. Among the *corps diplomatique*, the representative of the Czar was perhaps most sensible of the blank which the house and the country have sustained, for the Duke made a point of entering into conversation with the Russian Ambassador on these occasions; and, although his increasing deafness rendered it painful to him to talk in an assembly where he had so many hearers, yet his Grace never omitted to have a little friendly chat with Baron Brunnow; who, distinguished as he is by the favour of the Emperor, and the esteem in which he is held by the public men of the country to which he has so long been accredited, appeared highly to appreciate the compliment paid him by the illustrious hero.

During the interval which elapsed before the arrival of her Majesty, the prevailing topic of conversation among the Peeresses and other ladies—who, upon this occasion usurped the seats of the Upper Chamber—seemed to be "the Duke," and the strange and unwonted aspect of the House without him. The matronly were indicating to the younger members of their families where the Duke stood when he first entered the house on the first day of the session; where he commonly sat during a debate; and the place he occupied, on the left of the Throne, when, holding the Sword of State, the hoary-headed counsellor seemed, by his vigour, to become a very pillar of the monarchy.

The Earl of Derby bore the Sword before the Queen, for it was necessary that the number of great officers about her Majesty should be complete. But when the House of Lords met at night, there was one place and one chair which no one of their Lordships ventured to fill. When the Duke of Wellington resigned office in 1846, with Sir Robert Peel, he did not cross the floor of the house, as is usual with a retiring Minister, but went from the Treasury benches to the cross benches between the woolsack and the table. This was usually the place selected by the late Duke of Cambridge when he came down to the House of Peers, and it is commonly occupied by peers who take up a neutral and independent position between the Ministry and the Opposition. By degrees, as deafness grew upon the veteran warrior and statesman, he was in the habit of taking the chair of the Chairman of Committees at the table where the clerks assistant of Parliament sit to record the proceedings of their Lordships' House. This table is, by its central position between the Treasury and front Opposition bench, the best place for hearing in the house; and, so long as their Lordships were not in committee, the Duke of Wellington always occupied it. When their Lordships had assembled for the debate upon the Address, every eye fell upon this vacant chair. Memory filled that honoured seat with attributes of flesh and blood, and again we saw the venerable frame—the benignant features—the hand raised to the ear, whose imperfect sense denoted the infirmities of age—and the strict attention impartially awarded to the youngest speaker and the most unpromising theme. This vacant chair formed the subject of more than one touching and graceful allusion; and we may expect that a lengthened period will elapse before any member of their Lordships' House—except Lord Redesdale, whose place, as Chairman of Committees, by right it is—will seat himself in the chair consecrated by common consent to the memory of the dead.

The Duke was, from a sense of duty, punctual in attendance upon debates; but there was one subject of discussion in which, during the latter years of his life, he felt more deeply interested than any other. The Duke resisted Catholic Emancipation with religious pertinacity. He carried his opposition to Parliamentary Reform to the brink of civil war. But they who knew him best doubted whether his wise and statesmanlike deference to the might of the popular will herein cost him so much as the reluctant assent which Sir R. Peel at length obtained to the total and entire repeal of the Corn-laws. The amazing and complete success of Free Trade, we do not scruple to say, gave serenity to the close of the Duke's political life, if even it did not, as some of his friends think, prolong the term of his physical existence. He liked to hear facts and figures corroborative of the prosperity of the country under the operation of Free Trade. He was proud of the share he had had in passing the Act of 1846, and one of the sweetest recollections of his political career was that he had been instrumental in passing a measure which has brought plenty and comfort into the dwellings of millions of his fellow-countrymen. The Duke cannot be charged with any undue sympathy for the dogmas of the Manchester school, and it will, therefore, perhaps, surprise our friends in the manufacturing districts to know that the Duke devoured with insatiable interest and relish the reports of the great meetings held in Manchester to defend the integrity of Free Trade against every kind of open or insidious enmity. Sure are we that if Mr. Bazley had called at Apsley House after his memorable interview with Sir Robert Peel, the Duke, if his habits had permitted him to see deputations and express his opinions, would have endorsed the advice of the great statesman, "Mind and keep what you have got." That the Duke heard with deep concern the complaints of the Protectionist Peers, of the unavoidable although temporary sufferings of the tenant-farmers during the transition, we may be certain. But what an eminent historian has said of another great man whom he much resembled, is also true of him, for he too "had that rare courage of attaching himself strongly to a principal end, and of accepting, without murmuring, the imperfections and inconveniences attending its attainment." And when the Marquis of Lansdowne, or Earl Grey, or the late Vice-President of the Board of Trade, or the Earl of Aberdeen, rose to defend the repeal of the Corn Laws, and to make out a triumphant case, as they usually did, against any reversal of a policy which has been so eminently beneficial in its results, the aged Duke assumed an attitude of strained and eager attention; his venerable features glowed with benignity and delight; and he seemed by every action and gesture to thank God that he had lived to see so prodigious a change in our political and social legislation followed by so rich a train of the blessings inseparable from peace, contentment, and prosperity.

In Mr. Timbs's interesting brochure, entitled "Wellingtoniana," we are reminded of an interview with which the Duke once honoured Mr. Oastler, at Apsley House, and which may serve to show that if the working men and the Duke had known more of each other, some prevalent misconceptions on both sides would have been removed. Mr. Oastler was so affected by the kindness of his reception that he was unable to enter upon the business of the interview. The rest Mr. Oastler must tell with his own graphic fidelity:—

Placing his right hand on my right shoulder, his Grace said, "We shall never get on if you are embarrassed. Forget that you are here—fancy yourself talk-

ing with one of your neighbours at Fixby, and proceed." After a few introductory remarks, I said, "There are two great mistakes prevalent in this country—I would rectify them." "What are they?" asked the Duke. "One—that the aristocracy imagine the working people wish to deprive them of their rank and property." "That's true," said his Grace; "they do." "By no means, my Lord Duke," I rejoined; "not any man knows the working men of England better than myself. I can assure you there never was a greater mistake. All that the working men want is to be enabled, by honest industry, to provide for themselves and their families." "I rejoice to hear you say so," answered the Duke; "Every honest, industrious, working man has a just claim to that reward for his labour." "I expected to hear that sentiment from your Grace, notwithstanding the next mistake which it is my object to rectify." "What is that?" "The working people are, by their enemies and yours, taught to believe that your Grace wishes to feed them with bullets and steel." "Are they?" exclaimed the Duke. "They are, your Grace. Is your Grace thus inclined? I do not believe it." The Duke, with serious emotion, said, "I am the last man to wish for war. I have gazed all that the sword can give, the Crown excepted; and it is my duty to serve the Crown." "May I tell the people so?" "Certainly. Tell them I hate war—that I shall be the last man to recommend the sword."

The territorial influence, not to say supremacy, of the aristocratic branch of our constitution, the Duke of Wellington could not be persuaded to endanger. It required the breaking-up of two successive Administrations, the unequalled persuasive powers of Sir Robert Peel, and the spectacle of the Queen without a Government, to surmount his repugnance by disclosing a worse and more certain peril to the aristocracy than Free Trade could possibly be. No one saw more clearly than Wellington the profound truth that, in government as in war, there are victories which cost dear and leave the danger untouched. Ever ready to act up to his opinion, and above all to accept the responsibility of his deeds, Wellington, like his great friend and colleague then at the head of the Ministry, experienced afterwards "one of those severe but deep satisfactions sometimes granted in free countries to the good man who firmly sustains the weight of power."

We have already, in former numbers of this Journal, slightly glanced at the part taken by the Duke in the latter part of 1845 and the beginning of 1846. But the course he took cost him so much, and the sacrifice of his prejudices upon the altar of his country was rewarded by such generous and immeasurable gratification, that we may be permitted to refer with more minuteness to this great chapter in our annals.

In the autumn of 1846, Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, became deeply anxious concerning the failure of the potato-crop, and he foresaw an Irish famine. A Cabinet Council was held, at which he proposed to open the ports. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Stanley (now Premier) opposed this step, on the ground that although the potato had failed there was no deficiency of food in the country. They also urged that the suspension of the Corn-law would render its renewal difficult after the present exigency had ceased. Sir Robert Peel could not deny the force of this reasoning, and then came the avowal of a slowly-ripened but now matured conviction that it would be necessary to make an essential alteration in the Corn-law. The Duke of Wellington afterwards candidly declared that he was at this time of opinion that "it was desirable to avoid making any essential alteration in the Corn-law." When Sir Robert Peel's determination to summon Parliament at an early day, and to propose the total repeal of the Corn-law, was boldly announced in the *Times*, it was believed that the Duke of Wellington had been persuaded to acquiesce; and the public were congratulated that experience, coming to the aid of his intuitive sagacity, had taught him to retire from an eventually fruitless opposition. Every one felt that the Duke had it in his power to offer an enormous impediment to the policy of the First Minister; and that, if the Duke had been gained over, Sir Robert Peel's position could not be seriously threatened from any other quarter. But whether the Duke all along refused his assent, or whether, as was more commonly believed, the representative-general of the Peers felt with returning anxiety the weight of the numerous proxies confided to his care, certain it is that his repugnance to the decision of his colleagues rendered it necessary for them to tender their resignation to her Majesty.

When it was indeed known that the leader of the Cabinet was resolved upon proposing the total repeal of the Corn-laws, and that he had been deterred from meeting Parliament by the refusal of the Duke to give him the weight of his influence, the nation keenly felt the disappointment, but did not suffer itself to be unjust to the great man who was for the moment standing between it and the realisation of the popular will. People considered it not unreasonable that the head of an aristocracy should demand a little more time to resolve, when he believed the ancient and prescriptive influence of a separate and independent branch of the Legislature was threatened. The press warned his Grace of the arduous task of conducting his little aristocratical troop against the close and serried phalanx of an unanimous people, headed by the inveterate foes of our hereditary legislators. But the Duke was firm. He was determined to judge for himself; and neither the persuasions of a master in the art of rhetoric, whose honesty and truth were, moreover, undoubted, nor the mutterings of popular discontent, could divert him from the path of duty so far as it was given him to discern it.

Upon the resignation of Sir R. Peel, her Majesty sent for Lord J. Russell. A Queen's messenger took the train for Edinburgh, and arrived at a certain hotel in that fair city where Lord and Lady John Russell were staying. Queen's messengers are supposed to be tolerably prudent persons; and the gentleman in question was mindful not to have his mission noised abroad among the *gobemouches* of that capital; so he sent a message by the waiter, that a gentleman desired to see his Lordship. The answer was, that he could not be seen that night. The messenger now sent in his card; but, as his name was unknown to Lord John, he refused to see him. The waiter was now charged to carry a letter to the ex-Minister. If that worthy set in the white neckcloth could have supposed whose delicate fingers had penned that highly-glazed cream-coloured missive, he would have carried it more reverently along corridors and up stairs. That Lord John Russell opened the letter at all, after being so pestered by his pertinacious visitor, says much for his politeness. It was opened, however, and found to be a command from his Sovereign to give his immediate attendance at Windsor. The Queen's messenger was sent for now, and amends were made for the seeming discourtesy.

Lord John Russell accepted the task of forming an Administration. He offered the Colonial Office to Earl Grey, who asked whether Lord Palmerston was to hold the post of Foreign Secretary? Being answered in the affirmative, Lord Grey refused to sit in the same Cabinet with Lord Palmerston if the latter held the seals of the Foreign Office. Lord John in vain tried to patch up this feud, which cost him the fairest leaf in his chaplet, and accordingly, to his excessive mortification, the noble Lord was compelled to resign the glory of carrying the repeal of the Corn-laws to his great political rival.

When Lord John Russell failed to form an Administration, her Majesty again sent for Sir Robert Peel. This great statesman now saw the prize fairly within his grasp, and solemnly determined that no political ties or private friendships should hinder the accomplishment of the great work which had devolved upon him to perform. He first wrote to the Duke of Wellington, who has himself related the application, and his answer. "Sir Robert Peel wrote to me that if he did assume office he was determined, happen what might, if he stood alone, that as the Minister of the Crown, he would enable her Majesty to meet her Parliament." The first Minister knew his friend. He had skillfully appealed to the chivalrous loyalty, which he knew to be a passion in the Duke's breast; nor was the appeal made in vain. "I highly approve of the conduct of my right hon. friend (the Duke afterwards told the House of Peers), and I determined that I would stand by him." Perhaps subsequent

reflection had convinced the Duke of the fruitlessness of defending the position, as we have already seen he despaired of the possibility of regaining possession of it, if once given up.

No man, either in social war or military operations, has ever had a nicer instinct for discerning an indefensible position. When he reconnoitred Blücher's position at Quatre Bras, two days before the battle of Waterloo, he said to the Prussian Field-Marshal: "Every man knows his own people best; but I can only say, that with a British army, I should not occupy this ground as you do." He gave the same hint to Bulow:—"If I had an English army in the position in which yours now is, I should expect to be most confoundingly thrashed." Blücher represented that his countrymen liked to see the enemy before they engaged him, and the Duke galloped off to his own ground. The attack of Grouchy commenced; and, as Wellington had foreseen, the Prussians were defeated.

That the Duke had, with the same sagacity, estimated the positions, forces, men, and metal, of the Protectionist party will be seen from some overtures which were made him while Lord John Russell was engaged in reconciling the quarrel of his two subordinates. "I was called upon," said the Duke, "to state whether I was disposed to form a Government on the principle of maintaining the existing Corn-law. I declared that I would not, and could not!"

Lord Stanley refused to form part of Sir R. Peel's Cabinet, and was succeeded at the Colonial Office by Mr. Gladstone. When Parliament met in January, 1846, the Duke said he had received her Majesty's permission to state the causes which had induced the Government to resign and afterwards to take office. His Grace knew the arduous and momentous task which he had undertaken, and he did not shrink. "When I told my right hon. friend (he said) that I would stand by him, I knew I must be a party to a proposition for a material alteration of the Corn-laws. It could not be otherwise. I knew it, and I did it. I knew it," the old man again energetically added. He proceeded to say:—

Who ever that measure may be, I say that, situated as I am, my Lords, in this country—highly rewarded as I have been by the Sovereign and the people of England—I could not refuse that Sovereign to aid her to form a Government when called upon, in order to enable her Majesty to meet her Parliament, and carry on the business of the country. I positively could not refuse to serve the Sovereign when thus called on.

This was called a Field-Marshal's view of the crisis. It certainly says nothing of the intrinsic merits of the case. But the Duke knew his audience. He left it to others to defend and expound the new measure. What he had to do was to vindicate his own consistency, and to show those who had entrusted their honour and their conscience in his hands that he had only yielded to an imperative necessity.

The second reading of the Corn-law Repeal Bill in the House of Lords was a memorable event. The debate began on Monday, the 25th May, while the Park guns were still firing to announce the birth of the Princess Helena. The debate was resumed on the following day; and on Thursday night, or rather on Friday morning, their Lordships affirmed the second reading by a majority of 47. The Duke reserved himself for the close of the debate. We well remember the scene. The Duke took his seat at five o'clock on Thursday evening, and sat as if chained to the Treasury Bench until nearly four o'clock the next morning. The galleries were filled with ladies, many of whom sat through the night, and remained until the division. Among those who gave this proof of the interest with which this great historical scene had inspired them, were the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Countess of Wilton, the Countess of Essex, and Viscountess Sidney. A brilliant circle of diplomatists and distinguished foreigners stood at the foot of the throne. The old Duke of Cambridge, who had declared that he would not support the bill, and that he should not vote at all, was going from one cross-bench to the other, attracting attention by his audible remarks and by his rather violent *bonhomie*. The debate flagged: there remained no one but the Duke to speak whom the assemblage cared to hear. All eyes were turned to this wonderful old man, who seemed to despise fatigue, and to be superior to the ordinary wants of humanity. He sat, rigid and immovable, with his hat over his eyes, paying the most strict and conscientious attention to everything that was said. About half-past three in the morning he arose. A strange emotion rendered his utterance thick and indistinct, and even seemed to give incoherence to his remarks. There were, indeed, passages which made his friends exchange glances, in which they seemed to ask each other whether it was fatigue, or the growing infirmities of age, or the excitement of that memorable night, that had thrown the Duke's mind off its balance. Perhaps these were the passages in his speech (for there were many) which did not reach the reporters' gallery; for the reported speech, although it bears traces of deep feeling, and is not without a noble pathos, contains nothing to explain the misgivings and apprehensions of his audience.

He began by expressing the regret with which he found himself in a hostile position to those with whom he had been constantly in the habit of acting in political life. "I am aware (he said) I address your Lordships with all your prejudices against me," a painful thing for a man to say who had been so loved, so looked up to, so honoured, and so trusted. Shaken by emotion, and almost inaudible from his agitation, the Duke was then heard to say:—"I never had any claim to the confidence that your Lordships have placed in me. But I will not omit even on this night, possibly the last on which I shall ever venture to address to you my advice—I will not omit to counsel you as to the vote you should give on this occasion." The Duke proceeded, to the astonishment of the Peers, to introduce, in what they considered an unconstitutional manner, a name which it is contrary to the rules of Parliament, to claim upon the side of the person who speaks. "This measure has come up, recommended by the Commons. We also know that this measure has been recommended by the Crown." Murmurs, such as the great Field-Marshal never heard before in the House of Peers, here went round the House at this unconstitutional mention of the name of the Sovereign. But their Lordships, in one of the most memorable sentences ever addressed to them, were soon to see, that if the Duke had violated an order of their Lordships' House, he had but assumed a privilege which great men sometimes claim, when they break some rule of etiquette to save an institution. "My Lords (he continued), the House of Lords can do nothing without the two other branches of the Legislature. Separately from the Crown and the House of Commons you can do nothing. And if you break your connexion with BOTH, you will put an end to the functions of the House of Lords." The Protectionist Peers despised the counsel. A merry laugh went round the House. It is well the deriders were not in a majority on the division, or the House of Peers would by this time have paid a bitter penalty for scorning the sagacity of their illustrious adviser.

The Duke's speech on this occasion has been well described as a conflict between the habitual prejudices of his associations and his recognition of a great necessity—as a conflict between the unwilling sense of a growing and the innate devotion to a prescriptive power. Not a word did the Duke waste upon the merits of the bill or its possible operation. The Corn-law was an untenable line of fortification, which must be given up. He could not save the Corn-law, and the Queen had claimed his services, and called upon him, by his fidelity to the Throne, to assist in carrying on the business of her Government. "I did think, my Lords, that the formation of a Government in which her Majesty would have confidence was of greater importance than any opinion of any individual upon the Corn-law or any other law." And then the Duke warned their Lordships as to the possible consequences of rejecting the bill. His speech made a great impression, and the result was a majority of 47 in favour of the second reading. The doors of their Lordships' House were surrounded by members of the House of Commons, who were waiting to hear the result. The writer was one of the first to enter when the doors were re-opened, and to hear the result of the division. How quickly the news was carried to all parts of the country by express engines, and what universal joy it gave in our great towns, and in the hives of manufacturing industry, this is not the place to describe.

The House divided at half-past four. The Duke was one of the last to leave. It was broad daylight when, on this memorable May morning, the Duke left the House where, amid much mortification, and the severance of so many political and personal ties of association, he had so nobly served his country. A small crowd had collected in Palace-yard, early as it was the hour, and as soon as the Duke made his appearance they began to cheer. "God bless you, Duke," loudly and fervently exclaimed one mechanic; who, early as it was, was going to his morning toil. The Duke's horse began to prance at the cheers of the crowd, and the Duke promptly caused silence by exclaiming, "For Heaven's sake, people, let me get on my horse." It was now five o'clock, and the Duke rode off to St. James's Park. As he passed through the Horse Guards and received the salute of the sentinel on duty, was it then given him to know that he had just secured the accomplishment of a legislative change, which was destined to work a striking improvement in the position and means of the private soldier, and that, ere long, the military, in the words of Sir James Graham, would "know the reason why?"

From this moment the Duke may be said to have retired from political strife. His share in the repeal of the Corn Laws cast a halo round his political career, like some glorious sunset which bathes the western sky with golden splendour.



## AUTOGRAPHS OF THE WELLINGTON FAMILY.

Public attention, which occupies itself with even the most trifling details relative to departed greatness, has been drawn, of course, to the style of the Duke of Wellington's letters, and to his handwriting. The former was as decisive in its expression as the word of command; the latter was uniform, aristocratical, and very legible. This last was a characteristic of all the Wellesley family, and inherited from their father, the late Earl of Mornington, so well known for his taste and ability as a musical amateur and composer. We annex a fac-simile of his signature:—

The Countess of Mornington, who died in 1831, in the 90th year of her age, and was the mother of an illustrious line, wrote a plain hand somewhat better than the cramped writing of ladies in the last century. We have before us a letter from the Countess to Monsieur Perigoux, Rue de Sentier, Paris, which is somewhat curious as containing mention of her son, the late Duke, then at the military academy of Angers. It says, "I have desired Mr. Nesbitt to rem't to you on demand fifty pounds sterling for the use of my son at Angers. I suppose Messrs. Pignerolles have drawn upon you by this time for the last quarter, due, I think, about this time." The rest of the letter is about the packing of some rare china, and bears date "London, August 15, 1786," about seven months before Arthur Wesley was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 73rd Foot. We give a fac-simile of Lady Mornington's signature:—

The family name was *Wesley*, and was not changed until 1797, when the Duke's eldest brother, who came to the Earldom in May, 1781, on the death of his father, was elevated in the peerage by the title of Marquis Wellesley. We subjoin his signature:—

As Arthur Wesley, therefore, did the Duke receive all his Commissions up to the the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 33d Regiment. The following is a fac-simile of his signature in that capacity:—

As member of the House of Commons, from 1806 to 1809, the Duke invariably signed "Arthur Wellesley," and also franked with his Christian name in full.

The handwriting of the present Duke is indistinct, and without any marked character—somewhat like that of his mother. As it is understood that he will not assume the dual honours until after the burial of the departed Chief, we give his present signature as Marquis of Douro:—

Lord Charles Wellesley, the second son, writes with a little of the family habit of tall letters, as follows:—

It was recently stated, in one of the daily newspapers, that the Duke's signature, "Wellesley," scribbled in a school-book at Eton, while a boy, had been sold, since his death, for £50. To say nothing of the extreme improbability of such an amount having been so paid, it is sufficient to state that "Wesley," and not "Wellesley," was the Duke's signature at the time, and until he was in middle age.

The late Duke, sometimes irritated by the extended correspondence in which his position and celebrity involved him, frequently returned tart replies to communications which were of a *bond fide* business character. In 1837, Mr. Williams, the well-known engraver, wrote to the Duke, as Constable of the Tower, for permission to take sketches of various parts of that remarkable building. The Duke returned the following answer:—

The Duke of Wellington presents his Compliments to Mr. Williams, and has received his Letter.

The Duke begs to inform Mr. Williams, in reply, that every body who wishes it, can see the Tower, and all that it contains, to the Number of some thousands annually.

Individuals and the Public at large, as well as the Duke himself, would be exposed to great inconvenience if he was to give a Special Order to every Gentleman desirous of going to the Tower. He has not, in any Instance, given such an Order, and he must beg leave to decline to give one, which, at the same time, he assures Mr. Williams, is not necessary in order that he may attain his object.

London, May 11, 1837.

It happens, however, that though the public are admitted to the Tower, they are not allowed to make a sketch of any part of it, or any object it contains. A special order was requisite for this purpose, and his Grace would probably have given it had he not evidently misunderstood the artist's application, which was not merely to "go the Tower," but to obtain permission to sketch in it.

Having received his military education in France (like Marlborough), the Duke was able to converse and write in the French language with considerable facility. It is recorded that Talleyrand, when asked how the Duke spoke French, pleasantly remarked, "with a good deal of boldness, as he does everything." In truth, however, the only peculiarity in his use of the language was that he continued to follow the old-fashioned mode of expression in use before the Revolution. We possess a letter from his Grace to Madame Ida de St. Elme (a notorious

intrigante of the time, and authoress of the well-known "Memoires d'une Contemporaine"), which enables us to show what manner of French the Duke wrote:—

Madame,

Malgre que j'aye souvent entendu parler de vos Memoires, j'avoue que je n'ai jamais eu le loisir de pouvoir les lire.

Je crois que le peu d'interet ou de curiosité que j'ai ainsi manifesté pour ce qui a du vous interesser, ne vous donne mauvaise opinion de moi; et pour cette raison ainsi que parceque je me trouve dans une position où il m'est absolument impossible d'être de quelque service à qui que ce soit, je vous prie de m'excuser du defaut d'empressement que je montre à me rendre à vos ordres.

Si vous avez la bonté de m'écrire vos ordres, je tacherai de mon mieux de vous rendre les Services que vous me demanderez.

J'ai l'honneur d'être,

Madame, votre tres obéissant Serviteur

à Madame de St. Elme, Jaunay's Hotel, Leicester-square.

There are some men, especially amongst printers, who can read any handwriting, whether it be bad, good, or merely indifferent. To that accomplished class the Duke, however, did not belong. We have seen a letter addressed to him, in a very legible hand, which, however, seems to have been more than a match for the Hero of Waterloo. The Duke returned the letter to the sender, with the following annotation, if we may so call it, written upon the corner:—

The letter was written in pale blue ink. This may account for its illegibility.

Having now before us several of the Duke's "Answers to Correspondents," which show the characteristics of his style, we shall freely use them here. It is well known that a letter to the Duke almost invariably received some reply. For the most part it was a simple announcement that his Grace had received such a communication, of such a date. Sometimes he was provoked into a fuller or more explicit acknowledgment. Thus, in a letter from Strafford, dated "May 17, 1835," to a gentleman, editor of a Liverpool newspaper, who had forwarded him some important Congressional documents from the United States, he says:—

The Duke being in the Country, he cannot state from recollection whether he did or did not receive the document to which ——— refers. He is in the habit of acknowledging immediately the Receipt of all papers, and he thinks if he had received the Document in question he should have acknowledged it. At all events he has not yet had time to read it.

A few days after, when the document turned up, his Grace immediately wrote again, mentioning the fact, and adding that he had read it with great interest [it was a report to Congress on the Army of the United States], and felt much obliged by its being sent.

Some months after, when the same gentleman wanted a report issued by the House of Lords, he wrote to the Duke on the subject. His Grace replied (March 28, 1836):—

The Duke regrets much that he has no copy of the evidence to which ——— refers, and that he cannot, under existing regulations, obtain one to send him.

A few days after, his Grace sent his own copy, on loan, with a request that it might be returned in a fortnight.

The late Mr. G. V. Drury, of Shotover Park, near Oxford, was a gentleman of active benevolence, who had filled high appointments in India, and devoted much of his later leisure to literary composition. Among other subjects, having opportunities of convincing himself, as a landed proprietor, that the beershops which the Duke had sanctioned in 1830, led to much mischief in the rural districts, Mr. Drury drew up several statements, statistical and otherwise, which he circulated largely among the Bishops, both Houses of Parliament, and the heads of the Government departments. One of these he transmitted to the Duke and received the following curt and characteristic reply:—

London, May 10, 1843.

F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his Compliments to Mr. Drury and has received his Letter of the 9th Inst.

The Duke is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and a Member of Her Majesty's Councils. But there are other Noblemen and Gentlemen in Office besides himself; Each having under his Directions some particular Branch or Department of public business. The Duke has no Controul over any Department excepting that over which he presides. Yet Gentlemen think proper to address him upon every Subject, and expect answers to their letters.

It is impossible to satisfy such expectations. No man can find time even to read all that is transmitted to him.

Mr. Drury should address the Secretary of State for the Home Department or the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Beer and Gin Shops and their Effects, and not the Commr. in Chief of the Army.

George Drury, Esq., Shotover Park, Oxford.

Nothing daunted by this sharp reproof, Mr. Drury again wrote to the Duke, and enclosed a petition against the beer and gin-shops, which he prayed his Grace to present in the House of Lords. The Duke's reply, dated May 11, 1844, was brief and curt, as usual:—

He has received his Note but no petition from Mr. Drury. The Duke begs leave to recommend that the Petition should be sent to some Noble Lord acquainted with Mr. Drury.

The petition was eventually put into the hands of the Bishop of Exeter, and duly presented.

Some months subsequently, Mr. Drury, who had written numerous letters to the heads of colleges at Oxford on the subject of college debt, drew up a voluminous report, embracing many facts, arguments, and suggestions, which he sent to the Duke, as Chancellor of the University.

By return of post he had the following reply, which, certainly, is plain, and very much to the purpose:—

Walmer Castle, Oct. 30, 1844.

F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his Compliments to Mr. Drury. He has received his Note.

The Duke's attention has long been given to the Subject which Mr. Drury states is that of the Paper which he has inclosed.

Mr. Drury would render a great Service to the University and to the Public, if he could persuade the Parents of the Youths in the Course of receiving their Education in the University, to exercise their parental Influence and Authority, and a little of the Family Police, to prevent the Idleness and extravagance of their Sons.

The Exercise of such Powers would produce infinitely more Effects than all that can be done by the University.

George Drury, Esq., Shotover Park, Oxford.

Meanwhile, having perused the statement enclosed by Mr. Drury, his Grace wrote another letter on the day following, in which he entered at some length (but, it must be confessed, not with his usual degree of clearness) into a discussion of the subject. His correspondent, who had filled highly responsible public situations in the East Indies, had referred to the discipline of the College of Fort William, at Calcutta, which, he said, had repressed debt, by depriving those students who incurred it of all employment in the public service. And he suggested that, at Oxford, no degree should be conferred upon any student until all his debts had been paid, and he had made a public declaration, on his honour, that he owed nothing to any tradesman there or elsewhere. The Duke's letter is as follows:—

Walmer Castle, October 31, 1844.

F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his Compliments to Mr. Drury. He has received Mr. Drury's letter upon the Subject of the Habit of the Students at the University of Oxford to incur Debts.

He begs leave to remind Mr. Drury that the University of Oxford is not the College of Fort William, of which the object was exclusively to educate the Young Gentlemen sent out to India by the Court of Directors of the East India Company in the Capacity of covenanted civil Servants of the East India Company.

These Young Gentlemen were educated in the College preparatory to their eventual employment in the Civil Service of the East India Company.

The Governor-General in Council had the Power and the Right, and it was his Duty, to adopt such Regulations as he might think proper to regulate their Studies and to govern their Conduct, as well during their Residence in the College as subsequently; and in the employment of these Young Gentlemen in the public Service.

But the Convocation of the University of Oxford has no such Powers. It can regulate the Conduct and Studies of those whose Education is in the course of being carried on under its controul and Superintendence.

It may make Rules and embody the same in Statutes. But they must be general and applicable to all. It is to be apprehended, that a Rule embodied in a Statute to require that all upon whom degrees of Honor at the University should be conferred, should previous to, and as a condition previously to, the grant of the Degree of Honor, declare that He the Claimant was not in Debt; would not be considered a fair Rule, or one equal in its application to all the Students in the University.

Under ordinary Circumstances; those who would be most likely to incur Debt and to be indebted to Tradesmen in Oxford; are those whose Parents would be least opulent, and able to assist them with allowances sufficient to defray the necessary expences of their Residence at the University, setting aside all provision for Luxuries, or the gratification of Habits of extravagance.

While those well provided with allowances by their Friends would probably not be in Debt.

The Results then of the suggested Regulation would be to give the Rich alone the Certainty of receiving the Honors of the University; as those alone could, under existing Circumstances, be certain of being out of Debt. Such a Regulation could not therefore be adopted.

George Drury, Esq., Shotover Park, Oxford.

Mr. Drury, who certainly had the *cacoethes scribendi*, lost no time in replying to the Duke's last letter, and took leave to question the accuracy of his statements and his reasoning; denying, in short, that the sons of parents in moderate circumstances were more liable than the sons of the wealthy to contract debts at the University, or that they did so contract them. On the contrary, he alleged that, in most instances, the larger the pecuniary allowance, the greater the prospect of debts being contracted. His letter, drew the following from the Duke:—

Walmer Castle, Nov. 12, 1844.

F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his Compliments to Mr. Drury. He has received his Letter of the 11th Inst.

It is really impossible for the Duke to carry on a Correspondence with every Gentleman who thinks proper to write to him. He has given Mr. Drury an answer. He hopes he will be excused for declining to write any more upon the same Subject.

G. Drury, Esq., Shotover Park, Oxford.

The Duke and his pertinacious correspondent, were in reality old acquaintances, though the fact had probably been forgotten by his Grace. In July, 1805, on his return from India, Sir Arthur Wellesley reached St. Helena in H.M.S. *Trident*. He was the guest of the Governor of the Island for the short time he remained there; and Mr. Drury (then on his return to India), was a guest likewise. He used to describe the Duke as an early riser, whose foot was seldom out of the stirrup during the hours when a tropical climate permitted. He visited every part of the island, and employed much of his leisure time in writing. At table he was temperate and taciturn, and very often remarked that "if people would only practice abstinence, take exercise, and avoid exposure to the mid-day sun and the pestiferous night-air, they would find India quite as healthy a residence as England." The Duke was there in his 37th year, and in the enjoyment of good health. He expressed a favourable opinion of the salubrity of St. Helena, and this may have been one of the causes why, ten years afterwards, that island was selected as the residence of Napoleon. While at St. Helena his attention appeared chiefly directed to political subjects, and he repeatedly expressed his desire to have a seat in Parliament.

The latest letter from which we shall quote, is dated June 18, 1849—a memorable anniversary. A collection of portraits and other paintings, by an eminent artist, who was relinquishing the practice of his profession, was then about being brought to the hammer in New Bond-street, and among them was a fine likeness of the late Earl of Mornington (Lord Maryborough, who succeeded the Marquis Wellesley in the Earldom), which a gentleman, who knew the artist, thought it probable the Duke might desire to see. He communicated with his Grace on the subject, and immediately received a note saying that he was much obliged to him for his letter, and adding, "He will avail himself of the opportunity of looking at the Portrait in question. He has Portraits of the late Lord Mornington, with which he is satisfied."

Probably no public man was so much troubled with correspondence upon subjects, most of which must have been wholly uninteresting to him. In numerous instances there is no doubt that he was written to in the hope of his sending autograph replies. The possessors of such letters (and we have recently seen some of them advertised as "to be parted with for a valuable consideration") may not be well pleased to learn that, for many years past, the great majority of Wellington letters, even with his private seal, were not written by the Duke; they were dictated by his Grace to his private Secretary, Mr. A. F. Greville, whose handwriting bears such a marked resemblance to that of the Duke, that it requires some experience in the calligraphy of both to distinguish one from the other. Both handwritings slant very much from right to left; both are distinguished by tall capitals; both have capitals more frequently than is the usual custom; and in both we find the like similarity of old spelling—such as *publick*, *music*—and the omission of the second vowel in *honor*, *control*, and other words from the Latin. We caution the possessors of "Wellington autographs" to ascertain whether they were not written by Mr. Greville. *Franks* would be authentic, beyond a doubt.





WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

## WELLINGTON AND ITS DUKEDOM.

It would be an object of curious research, to trace and record the various circumstances which have led to the selection of certain localities in England, for the titles of Peerages, and have thus brought places of comparatively unlettered fame into prominent distinction. The conqueror of Vittoria, in the choice of the title of his Dukedom, presented a remarkable instance of the above fact; although, we are not aware that the cause of the selection has been publicly stated. At the close of the war, in 1814, all the titles and distinctions at the command of Crowns and Cabinets were showered upon the liberator of the Peninsula, and the conqueror of Napoleon. Douro made him a Baron; Talavera, a Viscount; Ciudad Rodrigo, an Earl; Salamanca, a Marquis; and Vittoria, a Duke; and as these honours had all accumulated in his absence, his successive patents were read together in a single day, as he took his seat for the first time, and with the highest rank, among the Peers of England.

There are two towns in the empire which bear the name of Wellington: one in Shropshire, and the second on the Devonshire border of Somerset; the latter being that selected by the Duke. This is an ancient and respectable market-town, and a parish, situate near the Tone, in the hundred of Kingsbury West, in the union of its own name, and on the line of the Great Western Railway; distant 150 miles W.S.W. from London, by turnpike road, but 170 by rail; 7 S.S.W. of Taunton, 45 S.W. of Bristol, and 24 N.E. of Exeter. The Duke of Wellington was lord of the manor, which appears to be an ancient one, having been held by the proud Duke of Somerset, who was beheaded for high treason *temp.* Edward VI. The manor was previously held by several Bishops; among whom was Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, preceptor to Alfred the Great, who was presented to the manor by that Monarch. On Asser's death, the manor was transferred to the Bishop of the newly-erected diocese of Wells, by whose successor it was held in the time of the Domesday survey, in which it is written *Walintone*.

The town is about half a mile in length, and consists of five streets,

respectively named High-street, Fore-street, Mantle-street, South-street, and North-street; the principal one being Fore-street, which contains the Market-house, a handsome and commodious modern structure; the upper part appropriated as a Town-hall and reading-room, and the base to the corn and provision market. The only extensive branch of manufacture carried on at Wellington is that of serges and woollens; steam being now the power principally employed in fabricating these articles.

The parish church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is a handsome Gothic building, having a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and two chapels; at the west end is an embattled tower, adorned with pinnacles, having a turret on the south side. In the interior is a beautiful monument to Sir John Popham, who held the high office of Chief Justice of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. The living is a vicarage in the patronage and incumbency of the Rev. W. W. Pulman. In the western portion of the town is a handsome modern church, built chiefly at the expense and endowed by a former patron of the church of St. John the Baptist. Here are, also, places of worship for Independents, Wesleyan Methodists, Baptists, the Society of Friends, and Plymouth Brethren. In 1604, but rebuilt in 1833, almshouses were founded and endowed by Sir John Popham, who resided at Wellington Court House. Markets are held on Thursdays for corn, and all sorts of provisions; and fairs are holden on the Thursday week before Easter, and on Thursday week before Whitsuntide. The parish contained, at the last census, nearly 7000 inhabitants.

In the Civil War, at the period of the memorable siege of Taunton, the rebels gained possession of Wellington by stratagem, and held out for some time against the King's forces under Sir Richard Grenville. The garrison was, no doubt (says a contributor to *Notes and Queries*, No. 32), at the large house built by Chief-Justice Sir John Popham, in the town of Wellington, and which, though of great strength, was much damaged on that occasion, and shortly fell into ruin.

The people of Wellington have not been unmindful of the illustrious hero who has conferred celebrity upon their town; which they have evinced by erecting, by subscription, upon the Black-down Hills—about two miles south of the place—a monumental obelisk in honour of the Duke of Wellington, and in commemoration of the crowning victory

obtained at Waterloo; and in the vicinity of this memorial is annually held a fair on the day of the battle, June 18. From the crest of the hill the eye ranges over a vast extent of rich and varied scenery; and on a clear day many a gleaming sail may be descried upon the Bristol Channel. On the southern side of the wall is the boundary line of the counties of Devon and Somerset.

Since the death of the Duke of Wellington, the obelisk has been examined by Mr. Paul, of Taunton, architect, and is reported by him to be badly built, and so dilapidated as to endanger its stability. Some of the plinth has already fallen. A subscription has been opened for the repair of the memorial; and it is proposed to carry out the original design of placing a bronze statue of the Duke on the top, and erecting a building for three military pensioners to take charge of the monument.

The accompanying Views of the town and obelisk are from Sketches taken within the past month.

## THE DUKE'S FORESIGHT, AND THE BALL AT BRUSSELS.

WE quote the following from "Wellingtonia: Anecdotes, Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington," just published.



HOUSE AT BRUSSELS WHEREIN THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND GAVE A BALL, TWO DAYS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was long current a popular error, "that the British army were surprised while the officers were dancing," on the evening of June 18th two days before the battle of Waterloo. The facts are these:—On June 15th, Bonaparte crossed the Cambré, and advanced upon Charleroi; but this attack was not thought to be a serious one, and it was believed that he really intended to open his road to Brussels, the head-quarters of the Duke, by the valley of the Cambré. Accordingly, his Grace waited at Brussels for proof of the attack upon Charleroi not being a feint, which was brought at three o'clock in the afternoon to the Duke at his hotel, about 100 yards from head-quarters in the park at Brussels, which he had taken care not to quit during the morning, or the preceding day. Wellington now put his army in motion to his left, the order for this memorable march being given—not in a ball-room at midnight, as idle report long had it—but in the Duke's hotel, and by about five o'clock in the afternoon. These orders must have reached most of the corps by eight, and probably all by ten o'clock at night.

The Duchess of Richmond had issued cards for a ball at Brussels on the same evening; and, upon hearing that the enemy was advancing, proposed to recall the invitations. The Duke, however, to prevent alarm, requested that the ball might take place, which is rather a proof of foresight than incaution, as it clearly turned out. Wellington, therefore, went to the ball, and many of his officers went as well as he, because their business for the day was done.

About midnight the general officers were quietly warned, and quietly disappeared from the ball-room. Shortly after, the younger officers were summoned from the dance, but without any bustle, and the troops were mustering, but not in so hurried a manner as Lord Byron would have his readers believe. By this time, the troops at Brussels were mustering, and before the sun of the 16th of June arose, "all were marching to the field of honour, and many to an early grave."



MEMORIAL OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, ERECTED ON BLACKDOWN HILL, NEAR WELLINGTON.





TIME REMOVING THE HERO.—AN ALLEGORICAL DESIGN, BY WILLIAM HARVEY.





ARMORIAL ACHIEVEMENT OF FIELD-MARSHAL ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.H.

### ARMORIAL ACHIEVEMENT OF FIELD-MARSHAL ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.H.

**Arms.**—Quarterly, 1st and 4th gu. a cross arg. in each quarter, five plates in saltire for WELLESLEY; 2d and 3d, a lion ramp. gu. ducally collared gold, for COWLEY. Over all, in the centre chief point, an escutcheon of augmentation, charged with the Crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick conjoined, being the Union Badge of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

**Crest.**—Out of a ducal coronet, or a demi-lion rampant gu., holding in the paws a forked pennon arg., flowing to the sinister, charged with the Cross of St. George, and the ends gu.

**Supporters.**—Two lions gu. gorged with Eastern coronets and chained or.

**Motto.**—Virtutis fortuna comes.

Round the shield of arms appears THE GARTER, dark blue, edged with gold, bearing the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," in gold letters, with buckle of gold. The Collar of the Order of the Garter next encircles the armorial bearings. This collar is of gold, and consists of twenty-six garters, in each a red rose, and as many knots, white, to which is pendent the George, being the figure of St. George on horseback, in armour, encountering a dragon with a tilting spear; the whole gold. Around the collar of the Garter comes that of the BATH, of which famous Military Order the Duke was a Knight Grand Cross. This collar, also gold, is composed of nine Imperial crowns, and eight roses, thistles, and shamrocks issuing from a sceptre, in their proper colours, tied or linked together with seventeen gold knots, having pendent therefrom the Badge of the Order; viz, a gold Maltese cross of eight points—in the centre, the rose, thistle, and shamrock, issuant from a sceptre between three imperial crowns or within a circle gu.—thereon the motto, "Ich Dien" (I serve), in letters of gold.

The external collar, encircling the whole, is that of the ROYAL HANOVERIAN GUELPHIC ORDER, which is formed alternately of lions passant guardant, and double cyphers of G. R.; pendent from it is the Badge, viz, "a Maltese cross, surmounted by two swords and the crown of Hanover upon the upper limb of the cross, and between each limb a lion passant guardant in the centre."

Suspended beneath are exhibited the numerous foreign Orders, to which the illustrious soldier was entitled. Beginning on the dexter side—that is, under the word "Virtutis," of the motto, as shown in our Engraving—we will name each in succession.

1. THE TOWER AND SWORD of Portugal, conferred on "Arthur Lord Viscount Wellington, Conde de Vimiera for his distinguished and glorious services," 1811.
2. THE SWORD OF SWEDEN, first instituted by Gustavus Vasa, and revived by Frederick I. Of this Order the late gallant Sir Sidney Smith and Admiral Lord De Saumarez were Grand Crosses, as well as the Duke of Wellington.
3. THE ANNUNCIATION OF SARDINIA.—This Ancient Order was conferred on the late Viscount Exmouth.
4. THE BLACK EAGLE of Prussia. This is the Chief Order of the State. All the Knights enjoy the rank of Lieut-General of the King's Forces. No one, under the rank of a Sovereign Prince, can receive it before the age of thirty.
5. THE ELEPHANT OF DENMARK.—A very ancient and, after our own glorious Garter and the Golden Fleece, the most distinguished Order in Europe. It arose with the Crusades, and has at all times been awarded most sparingly. The only British subject who held in the present era was Wellington.
6. ST. ANDREW OF RUSSIA, instituted by Peter the Great.
7. THE GOLDEN FLEECE of Spain: justly esteemed one of the most honourable and illustrious of the many orders of Chivalry, second only to the Garter. It was founded in 1429, at Bruges, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Earl of Flanders, who chose for Badge the Fleece, the material of the staple manufacture of his country.
8. THE HOLY GHOST of France, the most distinguished Order of Chivalry in France.
9. ST. JANUARIUS of the Two Sicilies, founded in 1738 by Charles, King of Naples, afterwards Charles III., of Spain.
10. MARIA-THERESA of Austria.
11. ST. FERDINAND OF MERIT of Spain.

### THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

DISCONSOLATE along the lonely shore  
Weeps the fair daughter of th' imperial isle;  
And ever as she mourns, old Ocean's roar  
Is hushed into a plaintive song; the while  
In many a throb of love his wavelets pour  
About her feet, and many a saddened smile  
Gleams on his azure countenance; but she  
Strays sadly on, nor heeds his sympathy!

Weep on! nor fear to let thy sorrows flow,  
For tears are holy when the noble die!  
Sigh on! The sounds which breathe a nation's woe,  
When, by inexorable destiny,  
The brave, the wise, the righteous are laid low,  
Find not a purer anthem 'neath the sky:  
The noblest requiem o'er honoured biers  
Are freemen's sighs and freemen's honest tears!

And he was worthy, who has sunk to rest—  
Worthy a people's lasting gratitude!  
The foremost of these later times confessed—  
The centre of admiring eyes, he stood,  
A beacon to the world; a creature blessed  
With the strong love of millions, which the rude  
Assault of envious tongues could never move—  
So hallowed was the tie, so deep their love!

The meteor blaze of conquerors who sweep  
Along their burning tracks, the crimson dye  
Of desolation in their rear; who steep  
The earth with carnage, groans, and slavery;  
Who reek not how the trampled nations weep,  
So they but rear their godless thrones on high,  
Or grasp the phantom, glory! senseless prize!  
The blood-besmeared idol of their eyes!

This was not his, but the enduring fame  
Of constancy and truth; the steady glow  
Of never-swerving honesty, whose fame  
Is centred in itself, and cannot grow  
By man's applause, nor lessen by his blame!  
His were the glorious deeds which only flow  
From true nobility, whose steadfast soul,  
Save "duty," owns no law, fears no controul!

No tyrant wonder of the age—his sword  
Ne'er flashed in vain in Freedom's righteous cause.  
Fiercely on Gallia's desolating lord  
It wreaked full vengeance, for the outraged laws  
Of God and man; and blessed peace restored  
To earth, long drunken with the reeking wars  
Of hideous Ambition, which stern fate  
Wrecked on a Lybian rock—lonely, desolate!

But he has passed away—the good, the true!  
Sunk is the arm of might; the mightier will,  
Which crushed all obstacles that Fortune threw  
Athwart its onward course. The voice is still  
Which thundered from Assaye to Waterloo,  
And roused the drooping hearts of men, until  
The morning star of Liberty arose  
O'er the wild storm, and hushed it to repose!

No more shall listening senates throng to catch  
Rich wisdom from his honoured lips; no more  
Shall eager myriads for their hero watch,  
Blessed with one smile from him all hearts adore!  
Alas! for human lot! that Death must snatch  
The loved and glorious from our gaze! 'Tis o'er—  
The fitful scene! and all that grief can claim  
Of England's noblest son is but a name!

But mighty is that name! It breathes a spell  
Which time shall ne'er efface; and sire to son  
With glowing lip and kindling eye shall tell  
The tales of our great Captain, Wellington!  
Stirred by th' electric sound, each heart shall swell  
With honest rivalry for laurels, won,  
Not in the lust of empire's lawless fight,  
But in the cause of Liberty and Right!

Then pile the costly monument! 'Tis good  
That love should find a shape. And we would show  
The nations of the earth our gratitude.  
But for ourselves—his memory will grow  
More richly round each loving heart, imbued  
With truth and earnestness—the springs whence flow  
Those traits which made him all we love to scan—  
The model of a perfect Englishman!

B.

### THE DUKE'S HUMANITY.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

Sir,—The English mind is so deeply imbued with admiration of the great qualities of the great Duke, that all anecdotes of him tending to strengthen that admiration seem superfluous; but, sensible as I am of the existence of this feeling, I beg your notice of an anecdote which was narrated to me in Martinique, by the late Lieut. J. A. Eyma, of the Royal Waggon Train, an officer who had served as a subaltern in the Peninsula during the hottest period of the war, and who had retired from the service to cultivate his patrimonial estate in that beautiful island, where I was his guest in the year 1834.

"Shortly," said he, "after one of our severe battles, Captain — and myself, with some half-dozen surgeons, had charge of an old Spanish chateau, which had been converted into a hospital for the wounded. One afternoon we had just sat down to dinner, when the door suddenly opened, and, to our great surprise, in walked the Duke, dressed as usual in his blue cloak, and attended by a single orderly. After the first salutations, addressing Captain —, he said, 'Captain —, I will thank you to take me to your chamber.' 'By all means, my Lord,' replied the Captain; and, supposing the Duke wished to wash himself after a ride of sixteen miles from headquarters, he added aside to me, 'A clean towel, Eyma.' With equal devotion and alacrity I snatched a towel from the linen-chest, and followed them into the Captain's apartment. We had no sooner entered it than the Duke turned round to my comrade, and, with a sternness of manner I shall never forget, said to him, 'Captain —, I am greatly displeased to find that you, an English officer, entrusted with the care of the wounded in this hospital, should have appropriated to your own use the most airy and spacious apartment in the whole building. I desire, Sir, that you give it up to the invalids this very night; and remember, if, on any future occasion, I shall come to know of your discharging your duty in this inconsiderate manner, I shall send you home to England, as unfit to serve his Majesty.' The Duke then visited, with the surgeons, all the wards: he spoke kindly to several of the sufferers; inquired into, and made notes on the state of the medicine-chest; and, after being thus engaged for about an hour, he sat down with us to our rough repast. I recollect sitting on a cask, myself, at that very dinner; and, after what had happened, did not care to improve my seat. Soon after he left us, to join the camp; so that he rode 32 miles that day, with apparently no other object than to see after the sick and wounded. It was some time before my friend, the Captain, recovered his wonted spirits, so deeply did he feel the rebuke of his noble and ever thoughtful commander."

This true tale would probably never have been made public, unless I had told it. Characteristic of the man, it seems to me an answer to the few "puny whippers," who would derogate from his noble nature by implications that he was wanting in those kindly feelings which adorn even the sternest warrior. Setting aside his mighty achievements, his whole career seems to teach mankind that useful lesson—that true benignity lies, not in the indulgence and gratification of morbid feelings, but in personal abnegation and benevolent activity.

The lesson seems complete when we know that the ashes of such a man will be conveyed in triumph to the tomb, and repose by the side of him whose last dictum was—"England expects every man will do his duty!"

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. H.



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See "Blue Book," August 5, 1842, pages 69 and 101; and for Account of the Manufacture, see "Exhibition Year Report," Vol. c. p. 622; and see pages 604, 650, and 629.—BELMONT, Vauxhall, Surrey.

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Scarbrough, October 20th, 1852.

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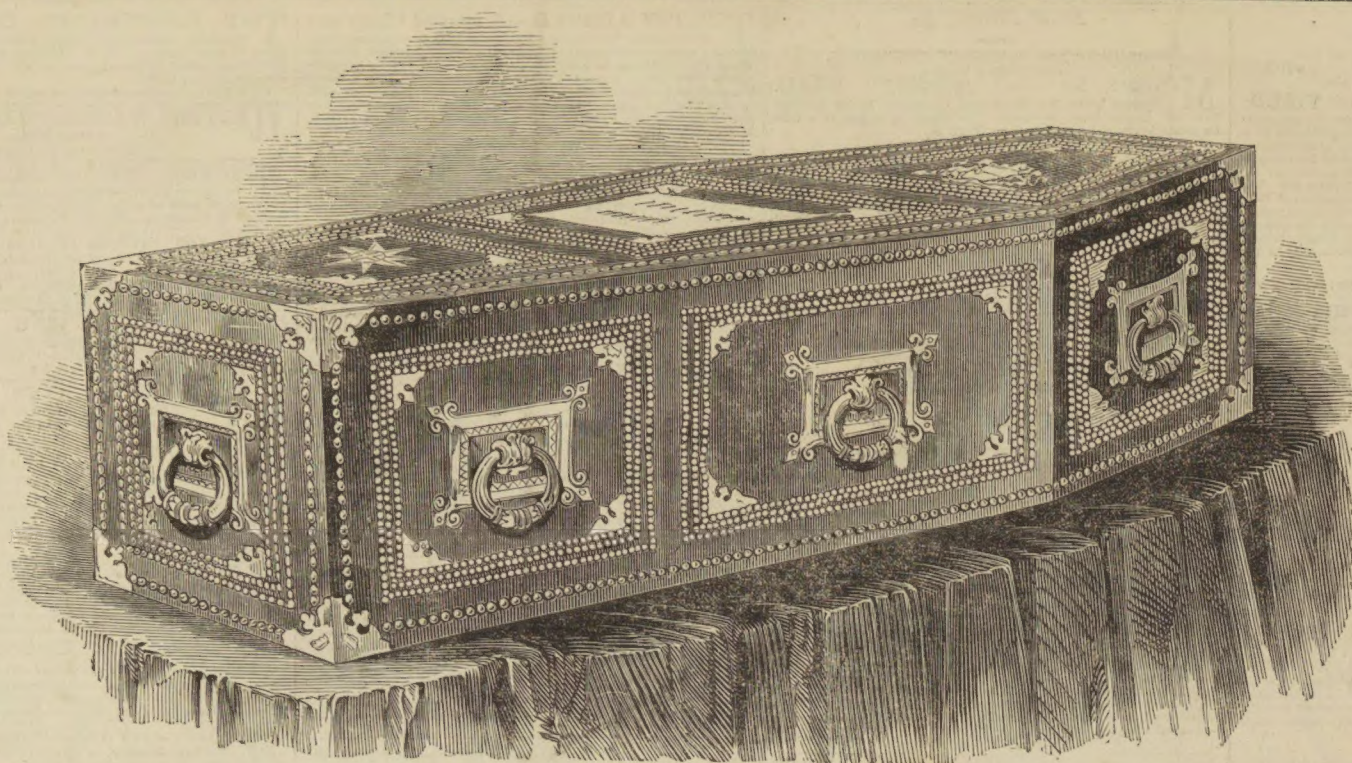
WATCHES, and £10 10S GOLD LEVERS, at the Manufactory, 338, Strand, opposite Somerset House, are warranted not to vary more than half a minute per week. The great reduction of prices since the late sale, enables us to offer the Jewels of the most perfect quality, for those advertised at lower prices are foreign work. On receipt of a Post-office Order, payable to JOHN JONES, for £4s, one will be sent free. Jones's Sketch of Watchwork, free, for 2d.

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THE COFFIN OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

## THE DUKE'S COFFINS.

THE inner coffin, or pine shell, wherein the body is placed, was made by the Duke's own carpenter at Walmer. It is placed in a lead coffin, of twice the usual thickness and strength; and this, in a coffin of English oak, handsomely finished.

The outer coffin or case is of solid Spanish mahogany, covered with the richest crimson Genoa velvet. It is panelled with large gilt nails, and the ducal coronet engraved within the several gilt angle-plates; and at the sides and ends are large ring handles. In the lower portion of the upper panel of the lid are the Duke's arms; and in the centre of the foot panel is the Star of the Order of the Garter. The central or inscription plate is gilt, and bears the following:—

"The Most High, Mighty, and Most Noble Prince Arthur, Duke and Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellington of Talavera and of Wellington, and Baron Douro of Wellesley, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, one of her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's Forces. Born 1st May, 1769. Died 14th September, 1852."

The lead, oak, and mahogany coffins were made by Messrs. Dowbiggin and Holland, of Mount-street, [Grosvenor-square:]; the outer coffin is altogether very handsome, but is not so sumptuous in its appointments as it would have been, had it been expressly made for a State funeral; the wishes of her Majesty not officially being known at the time the order for the coffin was given to the undertakers.

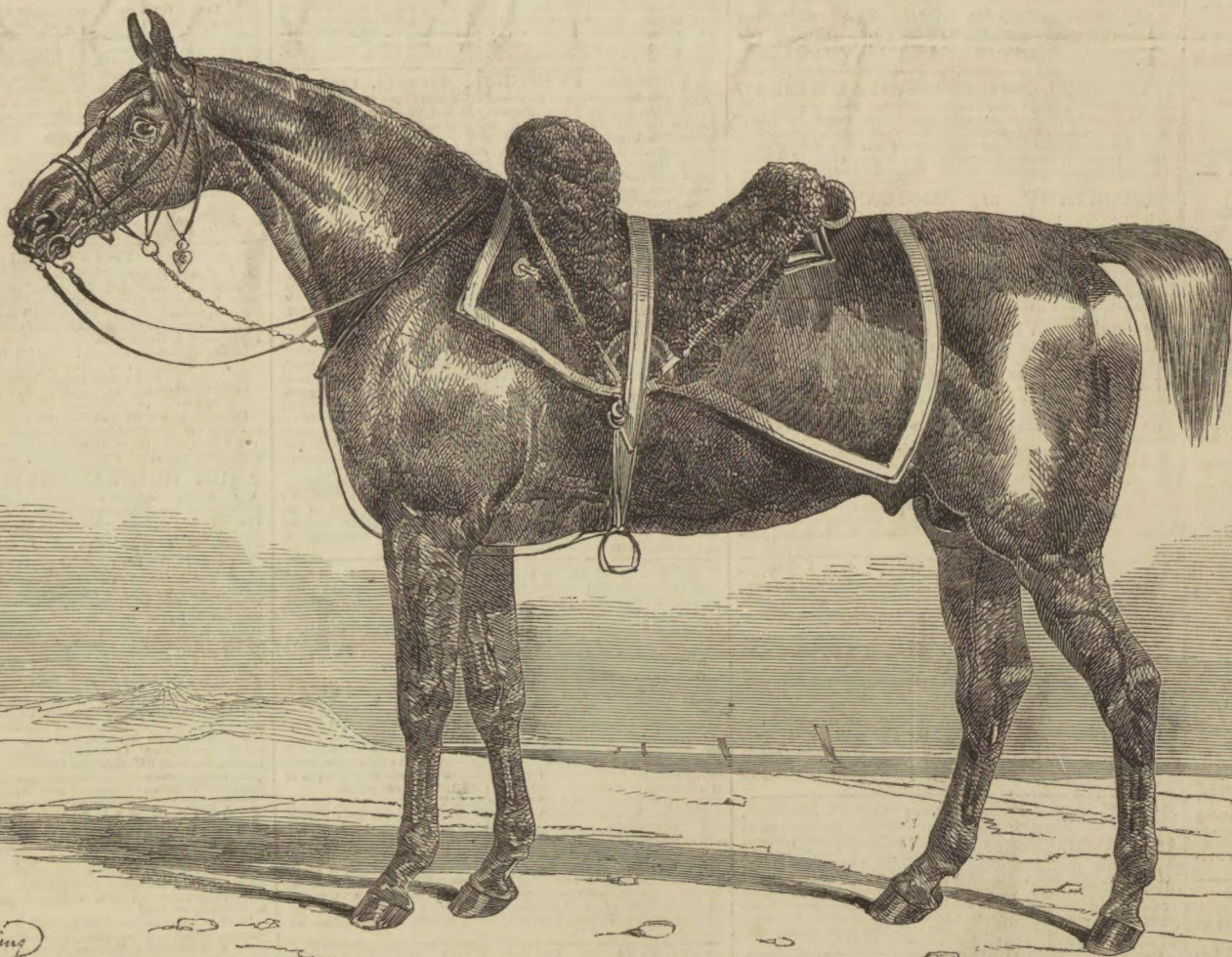
## ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

**HIS HUMOUR AND KINDNESS.**—When Haydon, the painter, was engaged with his picture of "George IV. visiting the Field of Waterloo, accompanied by the Duke of Wellington," he was desirous of having a hat and other matters to paint from, so that perfect accuracy of detail might be ensured. He had occasion to see his Grace, and took the opportunity of expressing his wish. The Duke's reply was characteristic: "I neither sell nor lend my old clothes, Mr. Haydon." He afterwards dropped a hint about his servant; and through Mr. Greville, Haydon became possessed of all he required.

**HIS PERSON UNIVERSALLY KNOWN.**—A friend happened to call upon Haydon soon after he had painted for Sir Robert Peel the large picture of "Napoleon at St. Helena" (the original sketch of which was bought by the Duke of Sutherland). After admiring it for

some time, and complimenting the artist on daring to choose such a position for an historical picture, observed, "It is all very well to show the back of Napoleon, because everybody knows his figure; but to attempt it with anybody else would be an utter failure." Haydon, nothing daunted, differed from his friend, who, in the true English spirit, backed his opinion by offering a bet, which Haydon accepted. A few months elapsed, and his friend called again, and was shown into the studio, which, then-a-days, was Haydon's reception-room. On removing one picture, he (apparently by accident) disclosed one that stood behind, when his friend exclaimed, "What a capital likeness of the glorious old Duke!" "Ha, ha!" laughed Haydon; "pay me my twenty guineas." His friend handed the money, and Haydon very properly handed him the picture.

**HIS UNAPPROACHABLENESS.**—A literary gentleman had recommended to the Duke the perusal of a work recently published, and was requested to send it. This he did several times, and as often was it refused acceptance. Seeing the Duke a few weeks afterwards, he referred to the subject; whereupon the Duke observed:—"If I were to take in all the trash sent to me, I might furnish a store-room as large as the British Museum." After writing a few words, he added:—"Stick that on the outside, and I'll get it." This was his own name and address written by himself. So to ensure delivery, it was necessary to have his own endorsement.



"COPENHAGEN," THE DUKE'S FAVOURITE CHARGER.—FROM A PAINTING AT STRATFIELDSAY.

## THE DUKE'S CHARGER "COPENHAGEN."

AMONG the numberless anecdotes of the late Duke of Wellington, which have lately been printed, his celebrated charger Copenhagen has come in for no small share; but several of his pedigree details are stated, in *Bell's Life in London*, to have been incorrectly given. From the columns of that paramount authority upon matters equine we therefore quote the following, which the writer assures us may be relied upon as a true and authentic account of this famous horse:—"The horse was bred in the year 1808 by the late Field-Marshal Grosvenor; his sire was the famous little racer Meteor, a son of Eclipse. Meteor hardly exceeded 14½ hands; he was, however, very strong and handsome, with a remarkably good constitution and legs, which enabled him to stand the wear and tear of training for seven years. Meteor was just a little short of the first class or form of race-horses, running well at all weights and distances. His illustrious progeny, Copenhagen, appears to have inherited the stoutness of his sire in no slight degree, although very unsuccessful as a race-horse upon the turf. His dam was a mare whose name is given in the "Stud-book" as Lady Catherine, by John Bull, a very large, strong horse, the winner of the Derby Stakes in 1792; who, as well as Meteor, was in the

stud of Lord Grosvenor, the grandfather of the present Marquis of Westminster. By those who are versed in the mysteries of the "Equine Peerage," Lady Catherine was always considered to be entitled to the "bend sinister." In fact, she was not quite thoroughbred. The newspapers have informed us that the Duke's charger was named in consequence of his having been foaled at Copenhagen, which we must beg leave to doubt; for, even supposing Field-Marshal Grosvenor to have visited the Danish capital in 1808, either in a military or a civil capacity, which does not anywhere appear to be the case, it is hardly possible that he would have taken a brood-mare as a part of his travelling establishment. At that time it was a very common circumstance to name race-horses after some illustrious event happening during the war. Thus we have the names of Albuera, Waterloo, Smolensko, St. Vincent, and many others. For a similar reason Copenhagen most probably received that title. At the time Copenhagen was foaled, Meteor was 25 years old. Copenhagen was taller than his sire, being very nearly, if not quite, 15 hands, but neither so strong nor so handsome. The first time he started, he received about a stone in a mile race from all the others, four in number, and obtained the third place. The winner, the Duke of Rutland's Sorcery, also the winner of the Oaks in 1811, was a good mare, the rest inferior animals; consequently, this was a bad performance. Upon the whole, in the year 1811, Copenhagen ran nine times and paid

one forfeit, all amongst the worst horses of the year, and won only twice—once in a match against probably the worse racer of the day upon the English Turf, and the other time a sweepstakes of 90 guineas at Huntingdon. The winner might have been purchased for 300 guineas, but no one would claim Copenhagen at that price. The balance of stakes won and lost in that year was about £220 against him, and we may, therefore, set him down, with trainers' bills, jockeys' fees, &c., as a very indifferent performer, and a dead loss of at least £400. At four years old he ran at Chester Races in the month of May, and never afterwards. There he came out for three inferior prizes, and ran seven heats without having in any one of the seven put his head into the proper place. Copenhagen never again appeared upon the turf. As the Duke was not his earliest master in the capacity of a charger, and as he was only seven years old at Waterloo, we presume he could not have seen actual service under his illustrious burden for more than two campaigns.

The reader will find some details of the military career of Copenhagen in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for October 9th, page 308.

In Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated portrait of the Duke on the field of Waterloo, the hero is mounted upon "Copenhagen." The original study for the picture, painted on panel, was purchased by a gentleman at Sir Thomas Lawrence's sale, and is now in the possession of Mr. Walesby, of Waterloo-place.